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Old Nobles

By F. R. HIGGINS.

Over the limestone mountains,
Where rain-blown roads run wild,
By limestone green in the moonlight
I've seen through a ghostly wind
Strange princes from Glen Naefin—
Like horse lords of O'Dowd—
On black mares, proudly riding,
With bridles of wild gold.

Yes, princes in withered brightness
Rode in a heaving crowd,
While cavalcades of ladies
Trooped swiftly with no sound,
And pale eyes in sharp faces
Glazed by, when O, I looked
On black eyes—amber-speckled,
In one I lately loved !

Ah, who would follow her saddle
Among such airy forms ?
Maybe their fiery paddocks
Are green mounds under thorn !
And yet I watched them canter
Until, where roads run wild,
They plunged through clouds that wandered
Out of a sleeping wind.

SIX POEMS BY MICHAEL BERNARD

The Tempering of the Frost

Fire and blue mist curl round the slender ring
Of day ; the rose petals are cusped with frost,
Shadows of gold fall from the snowy host
Of seagulls to the grey silk of the river ;
The transparent moon stretches a candid wing,
Preened into silver, towards the morning star,
And one, love-taught to cool the wine of Spain,
Has left, half-wrought into a silver jar,
The curve of lips that shape a scornful word,
The curve of snow wherein a heart has lain,
To learn death's loveliness of souls set free
And damascene his learning on a sword.

On a Crystal

This crystal has the ardent temperament
Of things touched by the pure and terrible power
That plucks the lark like an upgathered flower
Into the sky ; and has annealed and bent
The rainbow like a fine-sword ;
With lightning the dark storm-cloud's passion flower ;
and has rent
And burns in the unconquered steeds that scour
Arabia, with hearts of flame unspent.

Alas ! could folly's painted spear destroy
The wall of this clear furnace, a fool might ride
Into its depths and gain through fiery scars
The grace beloved of your heroic pride,
And by the rare sweet kindling of your joy
Claim brotherhood with the high host of the stars.

Autumn in the College Park

Shining autumnal mist ; glamour of grayish-gold
Ensorcelled the quiet air ; an amethyst bloom,
Dissolves the foliage to swaying shapes of cloud ;
Thinly a sharper drift of hyacinthine haze
Floats from a fragrant fire enkindled in the gloom
Of violet, beneath the insubstantial trees.
Breaking the trees' encirclement, the antique stone
Severe, unwavering, outlined on the pure skies,
Swims in the suave light to the soft-shimmering gray
Of ocean citadels by roving sailors seen,
Shade-latticed sombrely lest seeking eyes unshroud
Some foam-fingered princess, imprisoned by the sea.
Along the dim stone base the irises uprise
A spare and slender file, an earth-alighted frieze
Of figures, sparsely-set, aloof, austere young,
Scornfully reticent, the purple chlamys swung
From negligent shoulders, with a decorous fold
The grass, the gentle grass, is spun of loneliness
Sunned in a gracious silence, the cool darkling green
Gilded elusively by a more mellow gleam,
A shadowy burnish, varying goldenly.
A sudden blackbird stirs in eager sweet distress,
And with the rash impulse, adventurous in awe,
Of love in a young heart, intoxicate with praise,
Ripples across the sward in foolish fluting spray ;
A stately-stepping cat, dark with Egyptian dream,
Shakes a disdainful dew of silver from its paw.

What magic fluid of the mind is here diffused ?
What passionate intellectual immanence ?
The precious ancient leaves, the garnered flowers of thought
Here emanate a breath of unterrestrial fire.
Here surely a sweet wisdom falls upon the sense,
And man may close his book and without toil respire
(Leaving the written lore of learning unperused)
All knowledge as a breath, a flowery breath untaught.

Here silence is a rim, curved with a delicate craft
Swung lightly, surely, round the drifting atmosphere
Of dream and dusk, ; tuning the intense ear
To wait always some sound—most clear yet wavering—
A twilit mystery of timorous surmise
Vibrating round a note flawless and pure—as though
The Huntress Artemis, aiming the unerring bow
At a white hind, scarce-seen, outflashing from the mist,
Drew an unwonted breath of tremulous surprise,
And with a strange new doubt of bright amazed wrist,
Troubling divinity in the empyreal string,
Sped, sweetly faltering, an unpredestined shaft.

Aspiration

Shine softly, shine softly on stars that are dead,
O star of my spirit, to-night :
Before your uprising their radiance shed
A golden and wavering light.

The sallies are sweeping the dark of the streams
Where the stars that are fallen expire,
And I am in dread for the loves of my dreams
That fled from your wisdom of fire.

I am fearful to-night, though I know not the cause,
For the timorous beauty of old :
The rowans have wept by the streams, and the haws
For the drowning reflections of gold.

Sad, sad are the drowned little stars as they move
In the pitiful waters beneath.
O star of the world ! I pray for your love
To be cast on these children of death.

O pity them, flameless and carven and fine,
I am fain you should stoop o'er their rest ;
Shine softly on these that were piteous to shine
E're you flamed through the night of my breast.

There is storm in the night, and my heart is bowed down
By a whisper of weeping afar ;
I pray you to weep for these phantoms that drown,
O ardent and delicate star !

Ah ! tenderly, tenderly stoop from the skies,
I would have you bend close to my head.
In the storm of your light I will suffer the sighs
Of the tremulous stars that are dead.

TWO POEMS FROM AN OLD CHINESE TALE

I.

Spring Melody

Fei-yen, Fei-yen, the mistress of the Emperor,
Now that Spring has come, has threaded silver in her sleeves.
Fei-yen's heart is a-chime with silver melody—
Melody of sunlight through transparency of leaves.

Fei-yen ! Fei-yen ! The almond-blossoms sigh for her.
Leaning from the casement she has set the boughs aswing—
Flower-pale face 'neath a crescent comb of ivory,
Bright amid the rosy cloud and golden mist of Spring !

II.

The Shower

Spring shadows drift around the palace walls,
And by the window Fei-yen fills her cup :
The tiny amber circle, as she sips,
Reflects her laughing eyes and mutable lips.
Slanting Spring sunlight, fierce as a diamond, falls
Through pane and transparent half-blind, on her right.

Daintily, gaily, her head is lifted up
Against the green blind, clear as young beech leaves ;
The crystal brilliance from the pane below
Bathes to the elbow silver-threaded sleeves
That toss, with the light hands' motion to and fro'
Amid the painted china ; sets a gleam
A grey-blue butterfly in lazy flight ;
Silvers the teapot's spiral of faint steam ;
While, in the translucent vase of porcelain,
Holding white blossoming branches of the plum,
The stems as slender shapes of shadow swim,
Rising through pearlier light from the water's rim.

Outside, there is a sudden shower of rain,
The window's green and crystal fires burn thin,
The blue gleam fades, the amber dims to brown,
The bright threads vanish in the misty silk,
And quenched in shade the coloured china stands,
The stem-ghosts blur in clouded opal milk,
A little knife of moon-cold air blows in,
And a few snowy plum-flowers tremble down,
The leaves, new-bronzed with shining Spring-sweet gum,
Sigh in sharp terror, quiver, and fall still
Commiseratingly the profiled head
Droops downward, and upon the merry hands
A dusk descends : the hands of Fei-yen stir
Among the fallen petals, touching each
With pity and shy solace—a flower speech.
Graciously her compassionate fingers move
Amid these snowy tears, for terror shed,
How swallow-swift she flies from sun to cloud !
Weeping of blossoms, the leaves' fearful sigh,
Wake in her heart a sad bell, golden-pure,
Too keen for any sound of joy to obscure.
A moon-cold breath, a shadow passing by,
Have set the delicate plum-branches athrill ;
The tremulous flower-soul cries out to her,
And tenderly her mirthful head is bowed
And her gay hands grown pitiful with love.

How Earl Strongbow took Dublin.

By EDMUND CURTIS.

Far into the twelfth century, when the dawn of the Renaissance had already come, Dublin remained as it had been for three hundred years, a Norse city and a southern outpost of a free, adventurous world which reached away to Iceland, Greenland and the White Sea. Henry of Anjou, grandson of the first King Henry of England, had an empire, the greatest since Charlemagne, that covered all England and half of France. But in Dublin and its petty kingdom, which a man could cover in a long day if he had a good horse under him or a fair wind for his galley, there were still men who talked a Norse speech much mingled with Irish, whose Christian faith had still behind it a twilight of Odin and Freya, and whose talk was all of that northern world with its vikings, pirates, traders and saga-men. Ostmen, or Eastmen, they called themselves. MacMurchada, the Irish king of Leinster, was the suzerain of their petty state, as the King of Erin was his; they obeyed an hereditary earl and president, Mac Torcaill, otherwise they were freemen and the endless seas were their empire.

But old men who had seen and heard much in their time were saying that this order of things would not last. In their grandfathers' day William of Normandy had conquered Angles and Saxons and the Britons of Wales had followed them. Tongues had changed places in the island-world, and wise youths had better learn the Romane speech of nobles and merchants or the Latin of clerks. A king ruled at Westminster and a Norman baron in every manor in England, and freemen had become serfs. The first wave had swallowed England, said these wise old men; the second swallowed Bret-land; the third is gathering and will swallow Ireland.

And sure enough it so befell, and the new England laid its iron hand upon ancient Ireland, and Norse speech, freedom and saga-lore vanished from Dublin at one blow.

They fell with the Kingdom of Ireland, their paramount lord. Dermot MacMurchada, King of Leinster, was a great man, who welded together the lands between the Liffey and the Nore and let no man escape the homage and tribute due to him, whether Ostmen or Leinstermen.

But the private passions of lust, cruelty and pride marred his public aims and left him friendless, so that when a new High King, Rory O'Connor, and his vassal O'Ruairc declared his kingdom forfeit, most of his native Leinster deserted him, and Dublin, with the rest, foreswore allegiance. His abduction of Dervorgilla, O'Ruairc's wife, fourteen years before, was now avenged sevenfold upon him, and Providence left him but one lawful child, Eva, with whom his kingdom passed into the hands of the Foreigners whom he brought into Erin. She was "exceedingly beautiful," says Gerald of Wales, who perhaps saw her long after these events. She was the radiant prize of the ally who turned into the conqueror, and when in 1170 the Norman Strongbow wedded her at Waterford, with that ring England wedded Ireland in a marriage fated long to endure.

Restore me to Leinster, and you shall have my daughter and the kingdom after me, Dermot had said to Earl Richard of Pembroke, called "Strongbow," and both sides honoured the bond. The Normans had taken Waterford for him and quelled southern Leinster. The light-armed Irish and the Ostmen, grown rusty in arms, had never seen before men who at once loved war and made it a business, who clothed themselves and their great horses with impenetrable iron, fought battles to end campaigns, took a whole territory as a prize of a battle, and secured it with untakable castles.

But Dublin, the capital of Leinster and the key of the central plain, was still to take, and each side looked upon it as the casting die. Its Earl, Asgall MacTorcaill, had the walls manned, and the High King, Rory O'Connor, summoned the *levée en masse* of the nation, and ranged them westward all along the Liffey. "All the pride of Ireland were on the moor at Clondalkin." But they knew not the wile or the resolution of Dermot and his Norman swordsmen. The Irish hold all the western fords, said Dermot, and expect us to approach them by the old road along the Barrow, where their thirty thousand will eat our five thousand up; but I will lead you through my native mountains of Leinster, and we will reach the city on the south uncovered wall. So he and Strongbow and their mingled Normans and Irish turned westwards from the Barrow into Hy Kinsella, and thence ascended above Glen Imaal, Glendaloch and Glencree, and came down "by mountain, hard field and open ground" to Tigh-mológ and the plain of Dublin.

We are not without evidence for the looks and the minds of the men that rode hour after hour at the head of that cavalcade of Normans, Flemings, Welshmen and Irishmen in the sweet mountain air and in the golden autumn weather. Gerald of Wales, whose uncle Maurice Fitzgerald was there, wrote the prose story of the Conquest, and a Norman *trouvère* celebrated these exploits in a lay we call "The Song of Dermot and the Earl." With their eyes we see Earl Strongbow in the van, tall and heavy in the saddle, fair-haired and blue-eyed, but somewhat inane of look. By his side are Raymond of Carew, "the stout," and Milo de Cogan, both headlong men for a charge in spite of Raymond's weight. A little behind, Robert FitzStephen and Maurice Fitzgerald rode and talked with King Dermot through his "latimer" or interpreter, Morice Regan. Leinster's last Gaelic king was a tall, portly and handsome man of sixty, whose voice, made hoarse with the battle-cries of many wars, had a Homeric range. Disdaining body-armour, he showed his royal rank by the *mind óir*, the diadem of Wicklow gold, which he wore upon his long graying locks, and by a rich, embroidered and many-coloured overgarment that went down to his feet or flowed over his horse's crupper as he rode. Not far away, at the head of Dermot's Irish soldiery, rode that bastard son of his that he loved dearly, Donal Caemhanach, incapable of the throne, but destined to be ancestor of the great race of MacMurrough Kavanagh. Dark-haired, brown-eyed, small and active, this intense soul cared nothing for Ireland and everything for his sire, and loyally served the Earl, his brother-in-law, to the end.

Dermot, sanguine in hope as ever and unfaltering in revenge, told the Normans again and again how "my ancestors were monarchs of Erin and ruled Connacht as well as Leinster," and how "when Leinster is mine again, and you, barons and knights, are installed in broad cantreds under me, we will march on Tara and bring all Ireland under us." But now and then Fitzgerald and his half-brother, drawing apart where none could hear their French, lifting their heavy helmets, would breathe deep the mountain air and praise this noble country, so much richer than their barren Wales, a land indeed worth fighting for. These Irish are no fighters, they repeated, and we will finish with this barbarian kinglet when he has served his turn. It is a noble emprise, and we must not lose the fruits of it. This Ireland is divided into

five kingdoms, but with valour and cunning we will reduce it to one, then shall the dominion of the whole devolve upon us and our posterity. Henry FitzEmpress, now there is a King, but we have left him behind for a land where a knight may carve a kingdom for himself, and God grant he may never follow us.

Dermot already knew these Normans for boasters and gabbers and despisers of every race but their own. Had he known, however, their deep craft and passion for mastery, their unbridled ambition and tireless energy, even he would have feared to bring in such saviours of his throne.

Perhaps of all those keen-eyed foreigners, whose glances to right and left were those of strategists and conquerors, we should have loved FitzGerald best. Of Tuscan blood we are told, and with the beautiful Welsh Nesta for his mother, he had that Southern and Celtic charm in him that was to make his race dear to the poets of Gaelic Ireland. Almost alone amongst these condottieri he struck root in Ireland, and gave her one of her most darling names. A king—in vain as it proved—he aspired to be now, and at least the Geraldines of later days were all but kings in Desmond and Kildare.

At last these strange allies came down on a calm day of September sunshine to the south side of Dublin, where the Castle hill sloped down to a glen called the Cùm.

Fortune had favoured the brave, who were also the ready, and who could teach Ireland the art of war if not the gift of courage. The confederates found King Rory's host lying negligently far away along the banks of the river, and the Ostmen but few on the southern wall, for none expected them. Before the first day was over Strongbow and his lieutenants had thrust a picked battalion between the Irish army and the western wall, and their whole force had hemmed the little city in on every side save the north, where Ostman's Bridge allowed Earl Asgall, had he wished, to reinforce his slender garrison with O'Connor's men.

And so was a strategic situation achieved such as the Normans loved, where, holding the military trumps, they could invite the opponent to negotiate. All would be done with "courtoisie" and fair show, even with flattery; but if the opponent would not walk into the snare laid by diplomacy, the sword could cut the matter short, and a broken truce and a *coup-de-main*, with killing and looting to follow, would ensure a result which moral Posterity might judge as it liked.

So Strongbow, we may imagine, got Earl Asgall into a truce and fair talk, and reminded him of his hereditary allegiance to Dermot. But the king himself was dexterously kept out of the parley, for he was instant for immediate vengeance on rebels who had gone over to his enemies. The supple Strongbow pledged Asgall not to admit the High King's men till the parley was over, and the voice of the Church asserted itself for peace. The saintly archbishop, Laurence O'Toole, anxious to save native independence, was sent to visit Dermot's camp and offer the return of Dublin and Asgall to their allegiance on payment of heavy indemnities. Speaking Gaelic, he may have urged the king to dismiss his foreigners and make peace with the generous High King, who would restore him to his hereditary throne, and so would Ireland be saved. We can only assume much of these obscure events which no chronicler has enlightened.

But the best brains at this sort of game were the Normans. Not perhaps Earl Richard, for in spite of his name and his prestige, he seems to justify the contempt of Cambrensis for him as a dull and timorous man; but Raymond "le Gros," Robert Fitz-Stephen, and Maurice FitzGerald surmised that they, a handful in an armed Ireland and acceptable to none, were to be sacrificed to an all-Irish "loveday," and at best be sent back to Wales with their wages.

Not for that had these proud, impoverished gentry flown over. The blood which was determined to be first at all costs asserted itself. Milo de Cogan, Maurice and Raymond, waving the peace signals aside, called the barons to arms, and without orders from earl or king, of a sudden set fire to a part of the wall, then stormed it and took the city. It was St. Matthew's Day, the 21st of September, 1170, and we need not doubt that when the rich booty of Dublin was thoroughly garnered, the Normans, for they were a pious race, had a *Te Deum* sung in Christchurch and knelt to kiss the hand of the dejected Archbishop. Meanwhile the High King, outgeneralled and outwitted, had dismissed his army and departed; and Asgall, "the hoary-headed," got away by sea, vowing a deep vow that he would return.

The fortress-town built three centuries before by Olaf the White thus passed to other lords. Above the Ostman fort, where the Castle stands, the pennons of Dermot and the Earl now flew, and the reward of De Cogan was to be made first constable.

But a great Gaelic and Norse world still survived, not what it had been in the days of Brian Borumha, but still able to make another fight for Dublin. Dermot Mac Murchada, "who made Ireland a trembling sod," died at Ferns on the first of May, 1171, and Leinster again rose in revolt. Asgall MacTorcaill enlisted vikings from Man and the Hebrides, and Laurence O'Toole called on the High King to march again upon Dublin. Earl Richard now by will of Dermot and the hand of Eva owned the throne of Leinster, but he had little more than the swords and brains of his Normans to keep him there. Luckily for him these proved enough.

In the midsummer of 1171 he and his lieutenants found themselves cooped up in Dublin by the High King's army, which lay an unwieldy mass from Clontarf to Kilmainham. Rory O'Connor pitched his royal tent at Castleknock. Should the Viking fleet arrive with Asgall, all was lost. The Earl wrote to Rory offering to become his man and hold Leinster under him, but the offer was refused. At a council of war Maurice Fitz-Gerald spoke like a true Norman, a race predatory above all others, landless and nationless, but determined to be masters of their fate. Can we expect succour from our own land? We have no land, and Ireland does not detest us more than England does. To arms, then, barons. Dally, and both Northmen and Irish will be upon us. Let us cut the snake in two before he has reached his full length.

With pride and truth does Cambrensis think that his kinsmen the Geraldines saved the English cause.

So on a morning of early September, six hundred men in mail, with De Cogan, Raymond and Maurice to lead them, and some Irish kerne under Donal Kavanagh to follow, rode out over Ostmans' bridge, and sweeping round by Finglas burst in on the High King's army, encamped on the Liffey, and in a sudden onslaught routed them. On that day by the Finn-uisge fifteen hundred Irish perished by Norman sword and spear, and the High Kingdom of Ireland fell at one blow. Brian would not have wished to survive such a battle, but Rory O'Connor allowed himself to do.

Again triumphant, the Earl departed with Donal Kavanagh to subdue southern Leinster, and scarce had he gone than Asgall's fleet, too late, sailed into the Liffey. Two thousand warriors of

Viking blood marched breast to breast up from the Stein against the eastern or St. Mary's gate of the city, where old St. Andrews' Church later stood. Gerald of Wales, who seldom praises the Irish, breaks into a pæan of admiration for this doomed phalanx. "They were born warriors, in Danish fashion clad completely in iron; some in long coats of mail, others with iron plates fastened to their tunics, and all bearing round shields painted red and rimmed with iron. They were men with iron hearts and iron arms." He must have talked with men who on that day saw the Norseman approach the city, trusting to their steady ranks and long battle-axes to meet and repulse the Norman cavalry. John the Wode (the furious) led them in Asgall's name; he was a great man in Orkney and a famous viking.

Then was witnessed almost the last battle between the old heroic simple world of Nordic men and the cool and organised valour of the new feudal world. De Cogan was the general on that day, and charged the Norsemen in front while a surprise attack by his brother Richard staggered them on the flank. Then befell a curious incident of Irish war. On the Thingmote, that mound where Norse Dublin held its parliaments and law courts (it covered where Nassau Street and College Green now are), an Irish chief called Donal MacGillacolumm had taken his stand with his war-levies. He was lord of the hill-country south of Dublin, and was one of the few vassals that had remained true to his king. But between the old Galls and the new Galls that were now contesting Dublin he naturally felt it hard to choose.

As he stood watching the opening battle, De Cogan sent him a message thus: You have come, I think, to help me against Asgall and his men. Now I pray you aid neither us nor them, but if you can see *them* discomfited join in with us. If *we*, however, prove recreant, aid them to cut us to pieces. It was a sporting offer to make, but not a sporting thing to accept, as MacGillacolumm did. When the Norse line began to waver, he hurled his men into the *melée*. After a gallant stand, the Norsemen were borne down and broke, and what survived of them fled to their ships, pursued and slaughtered by Norman horsemen and MacGillacolumm's lightfooted infantry. John the Wode, after slaying ten English with his axe, was at last pierced by De Cogan's lance, and died like an old Berserk; and Earl Asgall was taken and beheaded in his own hall, defying the treacherous victors to the last.

So did Strongbow and his barons win and hold Dublin against Irish and Norse. It is a Norman epic, worthy of the great gestes of these gentlemen adventurers. But the ending was not worthy of it, for Earl Richard, a soft man, quailed before the cold anger of his suzerain Henry, who was determined that a new Norman kingdom should not confront him in Ireland. The Angevin came over to put the Conquest on a business footing, and Strongbow and O'Connor surrendered to him the one his new kingdom of Leinster, and the other the ancient kingdom of Ireland. FitzGerald, Raymond the Stout, FitzStephen, De Cogan, now *they* had the blood of nation-makers in them, but they were overborne and betrayed, and had to end as barons where they might have ruled as kings.

The Flame

A Play in One Act.

By AUSTIN CLARKE.

Characters :

NUN,
NOVICE,
ABBESS,

And Sisters of the Community.

Period—The Middle Ages.

Scene.—The “ House of Fire ” at Kildare. Doorways, on left and right, well forward, with broad lintels and inclined jambs. The back walls are plain ; in centre wide steps lead up to the oratory or shrine, which is in the form of a deep and lofty recess ; the lamp of the saint is sunken, but the flame is represented by a back-cloth or screen of pure golden light. A carven settle is on left ; a bronze vessel of oil on step. An aged Nun, habited in white and heavily hooded, is kneeling at steps, on right. A young Novice, dressed in grey and lightly veiled, is kneeling opposite her. As the Curtain rises, the Nun can be heard praying, her aged voice rising, falling, in monotonous murmur. The Novice is glancing round restlessly.

NOVICE (*half rising*) :

Sister,

I cannot pray to-night.

(*Running aside into shadow*).

No. No. I cannot

Pray.

NUN (*slowly rising*) :

What is it, child ?

Why have you left the flame again ?

Where are you ?

(Coming from steps).

Temptation

Can strike between the fingers and the font.

(Half to herself, peering around).

Had not the carvers seen, while storm broke

On rubble and cut stone, a fiery clutch

Tongue-tied beneath the tall unfinished Cross

Of Flann.

(Alarmed).

Attracta, Attracta !

NOVICE *(nervously coming forward into light)* : Sister, I
Am here.

NUN : Where ? Where ?

Come closer, for my sight

Has but this flame to lean upon.

Come closer

Now.

NOVICE *(obstinately)* : Sister, I am here.

NUN *(clutching her)* : What mortal cold

Has shaken you ? Why have you left the flame

Again ?

NOVICE *(trembling)* : I cannot pray.

I cannot pray.

NUN : The soul is found in crook

Of knee and neck.

NOVICE : I bowed three times.

I could not pray.

NUN *(meaningly)* : Attracta, you have veiled

A secret from me.

(Nun comes near and murmurs).

NOVICE *(shrinking back)* : No. No !

I told that in confession.

(Looking fearfully towards door on left).

Listen.

Sssssh. Listen !

(She moves across the stage, listening).

NUN : What do you hear ?

NOVICE : *(Puzzled and uneasy, coming back).* Nothing and yet

I know that Mother Abbess walks alone

At night.

(Mysteriously).

Once she stood by a wild thorn-tree,
Pale as the showers that fled along the Curragh,
For thaw outran the wind and the last snow
Was spirited away—nor did she stir
An icy foot, though I saw veil and fold
Escaping.

NUN *(reprovingly)* : She is holier than us.
But idle thought is an unknotted thread
Forgetful of the needle.

Join your hands

Now, do not speak.

NOVICE : But O it is the silence,
The silence that I fear and when you talk
To me, why is it I feel good again
If it is wrong to speak?

(Nun shakes her head and moves to steps silently).

(Pleading) Stay but a little
Stay with me, Sister. I am full of fear
To-night.

(Nun beckons silently).

Help me a little, help
Me. When I bow my head to pray, I seem
Much smaller than I am, in this great, lonely
Light.

NUN *(pointing to shrine)* : Attracta, Attracta,
If you have told all in confession, kneel
Before the holy flame that Brigid drew
With her own hands from heaven on a night
When she had fasted and the builders lay
Asleep beneath their ladders.

NOVICE : But I am
Afraid.

NUN : Has not that flame been raised
To try the patience of our order? Think
Of them who stayed the flame for centuries
With precious oil, as we do now, and kneel
If you have told all in confession.

NOVICE (*with averting hands*) : Ah !

I fear the ancient flame.

(*Wildly to herself*)

What can

I do ?

(*Desperately*)

Sister, I have told a lie

To you.

NUN (*shocked*) : A lie !

NOVICE (*retracting*) :

It was a dream.

NUN : A dream ?

NOVICE : That troubled me.

NUN :

And when ?

NOVICE :

Last night.

NUN : Tell me what you have seen in sleep, that I
May know your mind.

NOVICE (*eager to talk freely*) : Sister, dear sister, I
Was walking in the garden and the oaks
Seemed bigger than they could be and I laughed
For they were hatching out their acorns. . . . They
Were laden with so many leaves, I thought
How ever can the ivy find their branches.
But I was happy as I wandered down
A path that summer had made less.

NUN :

What did

You see ?

NOVICE :

On the stone benches by the hedgerow
The nuns were sitting quietly together,
So quietly I thought that they were praying
Because the evening was so fair. . . .

I looked up

And O, the sun was but this holy flame.

(*pointing to shrine*),

As the high jewel on the cross at Cong
Outshining its own shape, the very lamp
Was hid in light.

NUN :

That was a good dream
To bless the day.

THE FLAME

19

NOVICE : No, No. For suddenly
The clay had turned a colder side and rain
Was freezing in the sky. I saw the lamp
Barred, black within the shadow and the flame
Was gone.

NUN : O horrible.

NOVICE : I ran
To call the nuns for they sat in the churchyard,
So quietly I thought that they were praying.
I called to them : " Attracta, poor Attracta's
Afraid." But as I sobbed and plucked that row
Of shrouds, they nodded, gaped, and all, all fell
To dust.

NUN : O horrible.

NOVICE (*shivering*) : I think they had
Been dead for centuries.

NUN : Great Brigid, pray
For us to-night.

NOVICE (*wildly*) : I do not want to grow
So old,
Never to feel the warmth of summer, know,
When evening is spread brightly on the plain,
The far flocks move along the mountain slope
Before soft cries that drive them where the grass
Is hushed with cloud.

NUN : Black rains are camped upon
The Curragh now. Winter has shut the light.
Pray, pray, when fever strips the young.

NOVICE (*childishly*) : I'll run from every ill
So happily along the cold grey flags
The chaplain will not hear at all, and if
He does, will think that I am running on
Bare toe.

NUN : Pray quickly, for that is
The dancing evil. Think of Lassara.

(*Novice crouches on step, the Nun bending over her*).

NOVICE (*in terror*) : Ah, ah. The dancing nun ! Do not tell me
Of her or I will dream again.

(A strange nun enters, right, quickly and silently. She stands listening, but unseen, by the two at the steps).

NUN *(in a frenzy of aged asceticism)* : Ugh ! She had little shoes
That danced her to a sin. "Confession-box !"
She cried, and clapped a red-hot coal within
Her heels. She cobbled them, she chilblain'd them,
And as she jigg'd the pain, she sang : "I burned.
They burn to make me pure again, that I
May hobble into heaven."

NOVICE : You frighten me
You pinch me.

NUN : What do you know of the shame
That virgins fly from.

NOVICE : But I tremble, pant !

NUN : Impurity of thought and act.

NOVICE *(weeping)* : Fear is
A mad bird i' my throat.

(The strange nun glides out).

NUN *(calming herself, in a kind tone)* : I am too harsh
And old. The blessed figures I have seen
Are smaller than the minims in the Mass-book
Now.

NOVICE *(timidly touching the nun's robe ; tenderly)* :
Sister.

NUN : When I nod at night, this flame
Seems but the spark again.

NOVICE *(contritely)* : I have been bad,
But I will get the oil and fill the lamp
For you.

(As the Nun rests wearily on the settle, the Novice takes the bronze beaker and approaches the steps.)

NUN *(pleased)* : My prayer is heard.

NOVICE *(hesitating on step)* : See how
My hand strays.

NUN : You have got a secret. Tell
Me.

THE FLAME

21

NOVICE (*replacing the vessel and running to her*) :
Sister, you are kind,
And I will tell you.
I am happy, for
I have a secret.

(She runs anxiously to doorways and returns).

A wonderful secret.

NUN (*drawing novice to her*) : Tell me,
Attracta.

NOVICE (*in a low, eager voice as she undoes her veil*) :
I know that it is good,
For it has grown so shiny in the moonlight,
Yet is not like the moon, and nobody
Can know how I have treasured, tempered with
My happy tears and measured it upon
My fingers in the night until it weighed
So quickly, the bright balance of my hands
Could hold no more.

*(She rises and flings back her veil, and her head is
armoured with gold, half-grown hair, in abundant curls and
rings that reflect the light from the shrine.)*

Look, look. Is it
Not beautiful ?

NUN (*disturbed, but not comprehending*) : What is the sudden light
I see ?

NOVICE (rapt) : Curl beyond curl
They climb in falling, and I shake them out
To ripple and ring, because I have no comb
To change what my poor fingers do, but how
I long for the bright loom the women use
Or a top-heavy pin of beaten bronze
To keep me, to hold me, from ripple and ring.

NUN (*coming forward and horror-stricken with realisation*) :
Attracta,

You have bound yourself to the world.

NOVICE (*moving back frantically*) : No, no. It is not wrong,
Not wrong, though you have told me of a lad
Who galloped under trees and glittered in
Their dark tent for his pride. But I'll not fear
The branches when my own are longer than
Those tresses that unhorsed him.

(There is a sudden, rapid and harsh clangour of iron handbells in the passage outside. The novice runs aside, trying to veil herself).

Mother Abbess !

(Silently, swiftly, the Abbess enters, followed by several sisters.)

(To be continued.)

Thomas Moore as a Humorous Poet

The Fudge Family in Paris.

By LEON LEMONNIER.

Thomas Moore's poems are full of political allusions. This is the case, not only of a good many *Irish Melodies*, but also of *Lalla Rookh*, in which Al Hassan is nothing but a romantic Lord Castlereagh with a turban and falchion.

The Twopenny Post Bag is a series of rhymed letters, supposed to have been written by some notorious persons of the day, and in which Moore quizzes the Regent and his friends. But it was in 1817 that Moore published his masterpiece in humorous poetry.

With narrow means, he had had to bring up a young family. "The success," he says, "with which *Lalla Rookh* was immediately crowned relieved me at once from the anxious feeling of responsibility under which . . . that enterprise had been commenced. I was therefore in the true holiday mood, when a dear friend (Rogers), with whose name is associated some of the brightest and pleasantest hours of my past life, kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for a short visit to Paris." From this trip resulted a new satirical book, *The Fudge Family in Paris*.

Following up the success of the *Twopenny Post Bag*, Moore made again a collection of pretended letters written, this time, by an imaginary Irish family spending a few weeks in Paris. This family is composed of Mr. Fudge, his daughter Biddy, his son Bob, and a distant cousin of theirs, Mr. Connor.

In the book Moore had three objects in view : to give expression to a few ideas on the state of Europe ; to rail Lord Sidmouth and his government ; and also to pour ridicule on the "nonsense and cockneyism" of the English visitors with whom he had been in contact in France.

These three questions the poet treats separately, each exclusively forming the matter of the correspondence of one or two of the characters.

We shall therefore study each point in particular.

I.

Mr. Connor is interested in the sacred cause of Liberty.

He is an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and has left Ireland with no thought of returning there, so long as it is governed by English bigots; those only stay, he says, who in the distress of their country, "see nought but food for factions and harangues."

Wherever he goes on the Continent, he hears England cursed for the part she takes in the oppression under which Europe now groans.

When Napoleon fell, when all the monarchs signed a peace, a new era seemed to open; but soon disappointment followed: those princes who had crushed the Corsican ogre because his plan was to enslave Europe, divided Europe in their turn between themselves, without considering national feelings; and they soon destroyed the liberties which they had been obliged to grant to the people in order to carry on the war.

"It could not last"; the French must have once more revolted against their king. Unfortunately Napoleon appeared again and availed himself of the discontent which would otherwise have, once for all, destroyed tyranny. Yet there was no possible hesitation: the cause of the Emperor was the cause of liberty, for he was strong enough to snatch Europe from the grasp of the Holy Alliance. He failed, and like a fighter who kicks a man when he is down, England dealt unfairly with him; the fallen giant is in the hands of the Lilliputians!

Such are Mr. Connor's thoughts, or rather such are Moore's own thoughts: for the character evidently has no real existence, and the author has not attempted to give him one: Mr. Connor is mentioned but once in the letters of his companions, in the very beginning, where Biddy presents all the characters to us, and all we know about him then is that he is supposed to look like Napoleon. He is nothing but the mouthpiece of the satirist in his graver moods.

Moore's sentiments towards the French Emperor were not special to him: they were those of most English Liberals at the time; they hated Napoleon on the throne; when he was down and the Holy Alliance reigned in Europe, they almost regretted him. Shelley expressed the same feelings when he wrote:—

"I hated thee, fallen tyrant !

.

I know,

Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
That virtue owns a more eternal foe
Than force or fraud : old Custom, legal Crime,
And bloody Faith the foulest birth of time."

Moore's feelings with regard to Ireland are perhaps more interesting to us. Those who expose her woes, who fight against her oppressors, expect some private benefit from it; the duty of a true Irishman is to weep secretly over her misery and to leave his fatherland until England relaxes her hold.

The attitude of the satirist has thus altered since "Corruption" and "Intolerance." He then thought it his duty to touch the hearts of the English by describing the pitiful state of his country; he wanted to amuse their minds by laughing at Castlereagh and his crew. Now he advises silence and desertion.

This is evidently the outcome of the distrust for political agitation which he owed to his temper and of which we find constant proofs in his correspondence. He writes, for instance in 1807: "Dublin is again, I find, or rather still, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. The Roman Catholics deserve very little, and even if they merited all they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things that they should get it. They have done much towards the ruin of Ireland, and have been so well assisted by the Protestants throughout that, between them, Ireland is at this instant as *ruined* as it need be."

But the new attitude of Moore must also be explained by the private circumstances of his life. He had married an English woman, settled in England, joined an English party; his children were brought up in the Church of England. He had thus severed connection with Ireland, if not as regards the past, at least in what concerned the future.

With the letters of Mr. Connor we have come to the last of the serious satires of any length which are to be found in Moore's poetry, and also to the best of them. The composition at least is perfectly natural; when inspiration fails him, the poet does not try to make up for it by rhetoric; he stops abruptly in the middle of a sentence, at the beginning of a line, under the pretence that

"the remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter of fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public."

The style is again stilted and rhetorical, with numerous exclamations and repetitions, but the artist no longer seeks for an antithesis, for a point, for an effect; and but for a few metaphors of indifferent taste, all the false brilliancy has disappeared. And so has the pretension to passion. Moore shows no desire to get angry; he seems, on the contrary, to restrain himself, and so his verse sounds deep and grave. When he hears how England is spoken of on the Continent, he thus addresses her:—

"Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate
To hear his curses on such barb'rous sway
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets."

The only quality that Moore showed in serious satire was occasional dignity: it was not sufficient to make a work of art.

II.

He again quizzes the Regent and his ministers in the letters of Mr. Fudge. The Regent's size and love of finery, as well as the eloquence of Lord Castlereagh, still inspire him; yet his chief butt is now Lord Sidmouth. This nobleman is like Tiberius: he delivers grave moral speeches, he is in dotage, he loves cruelty; but his chief point of resemblance with the Roman Emperor is that he keeps spies among his enemies.

We have in Mr. Fudge an example of what those spies are. Mr. Fudge, in 1791, wrote a book called "Down with Kings, or Who'd have thought it?" But he has since become converted; and having rendered "secret services" in Ireland as hired disturber of the peace, he has been handsomely rewarded for it.

For imposture and apostacy, being royal qualities, find their guerdon with the government. All the places are held by former Whigs, now become Tories.

"Rat after rat they graduate
Through job, red ribbon and silk gown,
To chanc'llorship and marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe, the more the merit."

The evil has extended everywhere : those only succeed who deal in "Fudge." One of Mr. Fudge's brothers is a doctor : he does not trouble about the health of his patients, only about the money he gets ; but he is graceful and imposes on them by talking Latin. The other brother is a lawyer : he does not care whether his case is right or wrong, but always succeeds "in puzzling all that's right and clear." And we may conclude with Mr. Fudge :—

"Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of Sidmouth and of Castlereagh,
I hope ere long to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges !"

Moore's view of politics has widened since the *Post Bag*. He does not simply attack the public characters, but also their associates ; he wishes to examine the results of their administration. He has been partly successful : he has very well pointed out the debasing effect on public morality of a government which uses spies and rewards apostates ; but he has carried his point too far : there have been and will be under all governments Fudge doctors and Fudge lawyers, and they generally make a fortune, as the world goes.

To present his satire to us, Thomas Moore has created a character, and we may ask ourselves whether it has an objective existence. When Mr. Fudge writes to Lord Castlereagh, he always praises him, but somehow his laudatory expressions always turn out to be sly quizzing :

"Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly !
And whatsoe'er some wags may say,
Oh ! not at all incomprehensibly !"

We might be led to suppose that Mr. Fudge, knowing Viscount Castlereagh to be something of a fool, has the impudence to enjoy his sense of humour at the expense and in the presence of the noble lord. But at other times Mr. Fudge shows a good deal of conceit and we might conclude then that it is Fudge who is the fool, and does not see the humorous aspect of what he writes ; but even this is difficult ; for we must confess that, in some cases, his simplicity would exceed all limits, as when he says :—

"Oh no ! my Lord, there's none can do
Or say an un-English thing like you."

We recognize, in this case, Moore's own touch of bitterness whenever he speaks of Lord Castlereagh. The sly humour of the *Post Bag* leads him here to a contradiction; for when, through his character's mouth, he quizzes the minister, we naturally think that Mr. Fudge is a humorous gentleman; and on the other hand when the author makes his character quizz himself unconsciously, Mr. Fudge seems to be dull witted.

If, in many places, Moore has sacrificed psychological consistency to a handful of witticisms (and we have no reason to complain of the change), yet he has succeeded in giving a personality to his hero in the letter to his brother Tim Fudge. Mr. Fudge evidently thinks himself very clever, for he has started on his journey to France with the purpose of writing a book which is to expound the principles of the Holy Alliance; yet he has not a particularly bright intellect, although he does not lack a certain amount of intelligence of the sort which has pushed him on in the world, and brought him, with a doubtful past and "a book called 'Down with Kings'" into favour with Lord Castlereagh. His chief trait is an unconscious, unassuming cynicism; he asks his brother, for instance, to provide him with

"Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
(We often tell the tale with laughter)
Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after."

Mr. Fudge is a conceited fool who makes us laugh; he is also a cynical rascal who sometimes disgusts us: he exactly fulfils the intentions of the satirist, for he covers Lord Sidmouth's administration with ridicule and contempt.

III.

In a few passages of Mr. Fudge's letters, and in those of Bob and Biddy, there is a satire of the English family on a tour on the Continent: father, daughter and son.

Bob is a dandy,

"A thing, you know, whisker'd, great coated and lac'd,
Like an hour glass exceedingly small in the waist."

He spends his time in the restaurants, and studies nothing but the bills of fare. His motto is "du lit à la table, de la table au lit." Foppish and greedy, such he appears to us.

Mr. Fudge desires to see all that is to be seen ; he chooses in preference the places of interest where he can give vent to his legitimate feelings : the Chamber of Deputies with the throne or the basilica of Saint Denis ; but he does it with as little expense as possible, for the wars had made one consider the value of money. This is, for instance, an extract from his diary .—

“ Jul. thirty-first—Went, after snack,
To the Cathedral of Saint Denny,
Sigh’d o’er the kings of ages back,
And—gave the old concierge a penny.”

Biddy and her love-story illustrate the sentimentalism of the English girl, in those days when passion was the fashion in literature. In a place of entertainment she occasionally gets sight of “ a fine, fallow, sublime sort of Werter fac’d man, with mustachios and the dear Corsair expression.” She falls in love with him. Her father thinks the man must be at least the King of Prussia, who is known to be in Paris incognito. Biddy now wanders through the city in the hope of seeing him again, and in fact she does find him in a café on the boulevards. He looks at her, discovers that she has blue eyes, which he stares at, till she does the same ; then he simpers, she blushes and feels like exclaiming (if she but knew the French for it), “ Lord, sir, for shame ! ”

He gives her his card : his name is Calicot and his profession something which she cannot understand ; he is not the King, after all, but he must be a Colonel at least.

Moore evidently took his hero from a play, a revue, by Eugène Scribe and Henri Dupin, acted for the first time at the Théâtre des Variétés, on 12th July, 1817. It is called *Le Combat des Montagnes ou La Folie Beaujon*. The action takes place in the gardens left by Beaujon, the famous philanthropist, to be a place of popular amusement. We find in this play one Mr. Calicot, “ marchand de nouveautés,” who is mistaken for an officer, because of his black necktie, his half-boots and his mustachios.

As the character was altogether ridiculous, the representations caused a sensation in Paris. The shop-boys came in great numbers to express their discontent in front of the Théâtre des Variétés and something like a riot ensued. The whole matter ended in the most happy manner ; for the shop-boys, having shouted themselves thirsty, had to sit long in the neighbouring

café, whose owner made a fortune. Scribe and Dupin wrote a play in one act, *Le Café des Variétés*, which was a humorous apology. The shop-boys declared they were satisfied; but from that day they have been nicknamed in French *calicots*.

According to his correspondence, Moore was at Amiens, on his way to Paris, on the 16th July, 1817, that is, four days after the first performance of the play; he probably saw it acted in Paris, and arrived in the midst of the foregoing incidents. Here again he caught the prevailing influence.

Soon after their meeting, the young Mr. Calicot and the Fudges spend a day at Montmorency together, and Biddy is in the seventh heaven of happiness. But on the following morning, when entering a shop, whom does she behold but her dear beloved Colonel, "behind the vile counter,

With a piece of French cambric before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard measure upraised in his hand."

He was, in fact, nothing but a counter-jumper! She faints; but she goes to the theatre the same evening, hoping that "a laugh will revive her."

This satire of English tourists on the Continent is a happy one, for the characters are marked with features peculiar to the time, and yet they keep enough generality to be still interesting for us.

IV.

The letters of Bob and Biddy also call up for us some aspects of Paris just after 1815.

Bob's enters all the fashionable restaurants: he makes a "déjeuner à la fourchette" at the "Café Hardy," takes his lunch at the "Gaufrier Hollandais" in the Palais Royal, and his dinner at Véry's or Beauvilliers'. In the meantime, he has paid a visit to Tortoni's, the café glacier's on the Italian boulevards. This Anglo-French vocabulary is a fair example of Bob's diction; the same, to a less degree, could be said of Biddy's.

Biddy Fudge is interested in the places of entertainment: she has been to the Opera where the singers, and in particular Laïs, the most famous of them, are so noisy, and the dancers, such as Fanny Bias and Bigottini, so light and graceful! But she likes,

above all, the Beaujon gardens, also called the "Promenades aériennes" or "French mountains," where a little car rattles down carrying two persons at a time.

There are everywhere in Paris signs of the new state of things: religion has come into fashion again, but a strange religion it appears; for it consists in drawing saints on signboards, and in cutting the Old Testament into melodramas. There are still remnants of the former "régime"; two dressmakers are in vogue: Mme. Le Roi, who was the "couturière" of the Empress Maria Louisa, and Victorine, who is the King's mantua-maker.

The most curious sight is certainly the boulevard, with its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas, with its fountains, and its houses of all architectures you please. And what crowds! The grisettes and the captains, the old demoiselles and the dandies!

The first merit of this description of Paris is certainly its precision. Moore has not tried to give us an idea of the whole city; he has chosen what could be of interest to his visitors: the monuments, shops, restaurants and places of entertainment; he generally gives names and always presents to us an accurate image of what he has seen. Who would hesitate to recognise the "Tuileries" in the following description:—

"The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walked o'er 'em,
'Mong orange-trees clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And daphnes and vases and many a statue
There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you.
The ponds too we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes."

The poet has very well caught the special moral feature of the Paris of the time. The survivors of the old régime, suddenly cast unaltered into the new world, seemed the relics of some distant age, in spite of their new favour and decorations. Here toddles along some old gentleman with a coat dating back before the Revolution, a laced hat, worsted stockings, a fine ribbon and cross in his best buttonhole. And there trips along an old spinster, in a silk hat that has stood since the time of the Fronde.

This description of Paris is drawn with picturesqueness and good humour. Moore evidently enjoyed himself and enjoyed what he saw. With Bob, he likes a sideboard full of delicacies,

or a walk on the boulevards ; with Biddy and her lover M. Calicot, he is delighted by a trip to Montmorency :

“ Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress,
 For the happy occasion the sunshine express.
 Had we order’d it, dear, of the best poet going,
 It scarce could be furnished more golden and glowing.
 Though late when we started, the scent of the air
 Was like Gattie’s rose-water ; and bright here and there
 On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
 Like my aunt’s diamond pin on her green tabbinet.
 While the birds seem’d to warble as blest on the boughs
 As if each a plum’d Calicot had for her spouse ;
 And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
 And in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
 With the creature one loves, ’tis all *couleur de rose*.
 And ah ! I shall ne’er, liv’d I ever so long, see
 A day such as that at divine Montmorency.”

Such passages seem to be parodies of Moore’s most admired lyric poetry ; one would take them for a humorous illustration of Hazlitt’s criticism : “ His verse is like a shower of beauty ; a dance of images ; a stream of music. Or like the spray of the waterfall, tinged by the morning beam with rosy light. The characteristic distinction of our author’s style is this continuous and incessant flow of voluptuous thoughts and shining allusion. He ought to write with crystal pen on silver paper. His subject is set off by a dazzling veil of poetic diction, like a wreath of flowers gemmed with innumerable dewdrops, that weep, tremble and glitter in liquid softness and pearly light, while the song of birds ravishes the ear, and languid odours breathe around.”

But this exquisite prettiness which is, in *Lalla Rookh*, a check to real lyric emotion, being tempered in the *Fudge Family* by the comic tone, adds the amusement of the senses to that of the mind : an acute sense of picturesqueness is one of the qualities displayed by Moore in his humorous poetry.

V.

When we examine the book as a whole, we are struck with the biting malice of the political attacks, the sly humour of the

social satire, and the picturesque brilliancy of the descriptive rhetoric.

Nor is composition lacking. Biddy is in the foreground, and her adventure forms the framework of the whole. In the beginning she presents all her companions; the announcement of her love comes towards the middle, when each person has introduced himself in his turn by one letter; her disappointment marks the conclusion. Yet we certainly find no strict unity, for although Biddy's love-story constitutes the plot, Mr. Connor has nothing to do with it, Mr. Fudge and Bob very little.

The characteristic of the book is indeed in the free handling of the matter. Moore stops Mr. Connor when he finds he has spoken long enough. He uses Mr. Fudge sometimes as a mouth-piece and sometimes as a plaything, and he hardly takes the trouble of connecting the different characters by the plot.

The Fudge Family is the only one of our author's satires that is still read. In point of fun and humour it is not above the *Post Bag*, but it can be understood without any special historical knowledge.

Besides, it sums up all the aspects of the poet's talent: it contains his best serious satire and has all the picturesque qualities of *Lalla Rookh* without its defects. It has a charm of its own, made of variety, of freedom, of light-heartedness; the cause of its preservation is in its fragrance of happy holidays. Moore had the secret of amusing himself and making others partake of his amusement.

"The Apple-Cart" and Its Contents.

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

A year ago Bernard Shaw was expressing his admiration for Signor Mussolini and his methods in such terms that his English Radical friends were roused to anger. And only a few days before the first production of *The Apple-Cart* at Malvern he made a speech at the Summer School of the Independent Labour Party in which he said : " In my seventy-third year I am still a very strong Socialist. In my seventy-fifth I may be a rabid Conservative." It is very doubtful that English Socialists who have read *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* will continue to regard Mr. Shaw as a Socialist ; his equality of income idea will hardly commend itself to people who have been trained in the trade union school, and his dismissal of that school as merely capitalism from the other side has put him out of favour with trade union leaders of British Labour politics. In *The Apple-Cart* Labour Leaders have such a bad time that no English Radical, not to say no English Socialist, will continue to regard G. B. S. as any longer in the struggle for " liberty and progress". This anger has already found expression, notably from Mr. H. W. Nevins, in the Radical press, balanced by the satisfied air of British Conservative organs.

It has been generally believed that democracy has a bad time in the play, and that only the principle of hereditary government comes out of the discussion unscathed. But that is not quite the fact : democracy gets some very severe criticism, but in the end only democratic government is shown to be capable of solving the problem presented. Able men, capable of governing, are shown to come from all classes ; Magnus from the royal family, Proteus from the " governing families," Boanerges " picked by a policeman from the gutter " and reared by the State, Lysistrata from the school-teachers. Were democratic forms of government not operative, these people would never have had a chance to prove that they really were capable of undertaking the immense responsibilities of government. To some extent the programme of *The Apple-Cart* used at Malvern was responsible for misdirection of criticism and misrepresentation of the play itself. At Malvern it was described as " A Comedy in Three Acts,"

whereas in London it was called "A Political Extravaganza in Two Acts and an Interlude." Had the London title been used at Malvern it is probable that some, at least, of the criticism would have been different in tone and texture. Had that been so, the technique of the play would not have been censured, but no one could have taken what is certainly an Interlude as an integral Act of a serious play. Now it is taken frankly for what it is, light relief.

It would be better, perhaps, to recapitulate briefly the contents of the play before proceeding to examine them further. When the curtain rises two of the King's secretaries are discovered at work, one opening the King's letters and the other reading the newspapers for purposes of *precis*. One letter is thrown aside unopened, and this leads to a discussion of the royal relations with Orinthia. They are entirely innocent, it is said, but the English people likes to believe that its king is something of a scamp, and that impression is permitted to go uncontroverted. Sempronious, the correspondence secretary, had as father a professional Ritualist, one who believed in pageantry for its own sake and who spent his life organising pageants and processions of all kinds. The introduction of this gentleman, now deceased, makes possible a discussion of the place of pomp and display in popular government, and the discussion probably owes much to Walter Bagehot's chapter on kingship in his book on *The English Constitution*, as it also makes possible the use of some shrewd thrusts at a democracy which mistakes the pageantry for the reality of government. When Pamphilius, the press secretary, expresses doubt that such people as the father of Sempronius can believe in their pageantry, he is asked whether a baker who makes and bakes the wafers may not yet believe in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The whims of this Ritualist also give opportunities for some excellent satirical dialogue on present-day social life in England. The poor man had been wrecked on an island off the coast of Scotland, and he had died from loneliness. His companions of the yacht had been rescued with him, yes ! But they had lost the art of conversation, and could not interest each other. He could think ? Oh, no ; he had never learned to think ! The only thing he could do was play cards, and as no cards had been saved from the wreck the poor man died from sheer *ennui*. The amusements of contemporary England are

held up to ridicule, and described in as scathing terms as they are in *Back to Methuselah* ! Into this discussion bursts Boanerges, the new Minister for Trade, dressed in Russian blouse of scarlet, with baggy trousers and knee boots. At his belt he carries a holster, which later is found to hold his pipe. This man stamps about and roars, he is the strong man who knows all about government, and Magnus is just a jelly-fish who will need to be told frankly that he does not know anything about government. When the king enters, Boanerges becomes more loud in his shoutings and more energetic in his stampings, but slowly and with subtle flattery the King brings him to heel. "I'm a plain man," boasts Boanerges. "Not at all," protests the King, "you are anything but plain ; in fact to me you have always been an enigma." This eases Boanerges, and soon the King and his rebel Minister are discussing the Cabinet, democracy, and trade union officials in the most amicable but critical terms. Boanerges says he has told the people what to do, and they wait for him to tell them what to do next before they do it ; so, no, they will not throw him over. Trade Union officials, he says, only lose their jobs through drink, and even for that very rarely. They come to understand each other, each recognising in the other one who knows how to govern large masses of people.

The King awaits his Cabinet, which is coming to present demands for the royal consideration. When the Cabinet enters, it is found to consist of the most heterogeneous collection of human beings conceivable. There is Proteus, the Prime Minister, an hysterical but very able man, known to his colleagues as Joe ; there is Nicobar, the Foreign Secretary, a shuffling fool ; Crassus, Colonial Secretary, and Pliny, Chancellor of the Exchequer, amiable nonentities ; Balbus, Home Secretary, a toper and delegate of Breakages, Ltd. ; Amanda, Postmistress-General, a lady whose ability to mimic her colleagues keeps her in the Cabinet lest she should make them ridiculous to music-hall audiences ; and Lysistrata, a schoolmistress, now Powermistress-General, taking her work very seriously. These people have nothing in common, no principle, no policy, but united for a moment in an effort to curb the King. The King had said in the course of a speech that the Royal Veto was now, apparently about 1980, the sole remaining bulwark of popular liberties, and the Cabinet had decided that his majesty should make no more speeches, even

if the speeches were written for him by his ministers. He had a way of unfolding a manuscript which the Prime Minister said was ironic, and he could wink! The King must be no more than a rubber-stamp. But the King had other notions, and in the course of a discussion of principles and policies he soon had the entire Cabinet at loggerheads. The members indulge generously in personal recriminations, and the idea of collective responsibility and a united will is shown to be inactive. The King delivers a long speech on government, which must be one of the longest speeches written by Shaw, coming close to the great "heresy" speech in "*Saint Joan*," but so packed with thought that every word is of importance. Having delivered himself of his ideas the King says he will consider the matter of the ultimatum and will give his decision in the afternoon. For one moment it seemed that the whole matter had been settled, when the King and Proteus discussed it in private, but the bickering Cabinet upset the agreement. "No man," said Socrates, "will ever be safe who stands up before you or against any other democracy and condemns the many crimes that are committed in the State. . . . The man who is to fight for justice, if he is to keep his life at all, must work in private, not in public." This first Act of *The Apple-Cart* suggests that Bernard Shaw is in agreement.

The second act, or interlude, is placed in the boudoir of Orinthia, very curiously placed in the royal palace if their relations are as innocent as audiences are asked to believe. Orinthia is a conceited, petulant, spoiled woman, who believes that she is the essence of beauty, and that all art, science and commerce exist so that she shall be. She desires to be Queen, and bursts into fury when Magnus will not divorce his Jemima. Would he prefer his cabbage to this rose? Yes, Magnus replies, every sensible man would prefer cabbages if faced with such an alternative. And Orinthia must remember that the cabbages were roses once! She urges him to send his Cabinet packing because they suggest to her "an over-crowded third-class carriage," and do his governing himself. He has a low mind, she says when he refuses. He will return to his Jemima for tea, but she grasps his wrist and refuses to release him even when commanded to do so. She falls to the floor still entreating, drawing Magnus with her, and in this compromising position they are discovered by the secretary, who comes to announce that the Queen awaits his

majesty for tea. While this interlude has nothing really significant to the play, it shows the King as a human being, and the discussion of marriage certainly has value. *Jemima* is limited, as are *Orinthia* and *Magnus*, the King says, and any attempt to confine friendships will but cramp the minds of all and ultimately wreck marriage. *Orinthia* is just a "change" for the King, an alternative to golf or the seaside, but she will not see this because her sense of her own importance blinds her, and her romantic views of kingship make *Magnus* laugh.

In the third Act the political discussion is resumed, but not before a second "interlude" has been given its chance to evoke laughter. As the King awaits the return of his Cabinet he is informed that the American Ambassador "demands" audience. As no arrangements had been made for his reception, the King endeavours to have the Ambassador sent away; but the American, Mr. Vanhatten, will not be thwarted by mere convention. He rushes to the King to announce that a most important event, the most important of modern times, is to be reported. His circumlocution leads the King to say after minutes had elapsed, "I am waiting to hear what it is." "The prodigal is returning," says Mr. Vanhatten, "laden with the riches of the world." In plain language, the United States has decided to rejoin the British Commonwealth as a Dominion. This happy event, says the Ambassador, was brought about by the President of the Irish Free State, "whose name no one can pronounce, and only one secretary can spell," popularly known as Mike O'Rafferty. The only stipulation is that the King shall change his title to Emperor, which Americans think more dignified. This scene gives Mr. Shaw an opportunity to satirise Americans, and to emphasise the increasing domination of Great Britain by America. Americans may as well control the Commonwealth from within as from without! The King receives the idea very coldly; he has no desire that "this little gem set in a silvery sea" shall be but "another star—on your banner." The Ambassador is disappointed at such cold behaviour, and he expresses the disappointment when the King says he will consult his Ministers and see the Ambassador again later.

When the Cabinet returns for the reply to its ultimatum, Boanerges wears a scarlet uniform, similar in cut and decoration to the green uniforms of his colleagues, with a cocked hat. Again

there are personal squabbles and recriminations, which the King cuts short by announcing that he has decided to abdicate in favour of his son, the Prince of Wales. Then the Prime Minister discovers that the King was an excellent man and a good King, and proceeds to deliver a farewell speech which is excellent caricature. The King listens for a time, then he points out that instead of ending a political career he is just beginning one. His last regal act will be to divest himself of all titles and privileges, and, having done that, he will present himself as a parliamentary candidate for the royal borough of Windsor. No one could beat him there, they say. And what will you do in the House of Commons, asks Proteus? Form a party, says the King, and in course of time the new King will need a new government, "and he may even send for me." Such competition has never been conceived by the politicians, so they tear up the ultimatum and decide to leave things as they were. Proteus is the only Minister who sees that they have been outmanoeuvred. He tells his colleagues bluntly that they have allowed Magnus to hoodwink them again, but at the same time he recognises in the King a man as able as himself. Lysistrata, too, sees that she has been defeated by the decision of her own colleagues to remain in office. Breakages, Ltd., will still dominate the life of an England where chocolates are the principal export, and her big schemes for electrification must collapse. The King attempts to comfort her. "Oh, sir, we could have saved England," she says, echoing Aristophanes' "Stand by me, we shall save Greece yet, we two." The closing scene shows a worried King being led away to dinner by the domesticated Queen Jemima, and nothing more is heard of the American Ambassador.

So far from being a denial of democratic governing efficiency, the play shows that the ablest people in the Cabinet, Proteus, Boanerges, and Lysistrata, are all convinced democrats and the result of democratic training. The King, too, does not deny democracy; he will not throw his Cabinet overboard and declare a dictatorship, as Orinthia desired, but will become a commoner, the leader of a party, and perhaps the Prime Minister.

What *The Apple-Cart* does show is that while democracy may be as fatuous as this hand-picked and exaggerated Cabinet, there is really no effective alternative to it. A dictatorship would not have improved matters; it would have sent Boanerges back to his mobs, Proteus back to his clubs and cliques, Amanda back to

her music-hall, and Lysistrata back to her school, to preach and plot against the government. As the aim of Government, as Aristotle said, is to promote the good life, and as only the mass of the people can decide what constitutes the good life, only those masses can decide how and when they shall have it. "Life without enquiry was no life for a man," Plato says in the *Republic*, and there can be no enquiry which excludes the masses of the people from its quest. In *The Apple-Cart* Bernard Shaw is still the democrat, not the democrat who believes that because a person is twenty-one years old or sweeps the streets he is entitled to a share in the duties and responsibilities of government, but the democrat who knows that able men will always be at the service of the State, even if the calls of money-making become more clamant than they are to-day. There will always be Aristotelian and Platonic philosophers altruistic enough to take their places in the work of government, and even if they call themselves by names other than Liberal or Socialist they will still need the aid of all people of good will in the work. One other thing *The Apple-Cart* shows, that Bernard Shaw has come very close to the political philosophy of that other great Irishman, Edmund Burke. The nation-state which is as a tree is now as evident to the Shavian-Socialist as to the Burke-conservative, and so King Magnus can stand as the symbol of continuity in a system where the government may change radically at any moment. Nothing new, then, in *The Apple-Cart*? No, but an excellent political parable from which everyone may extract some satisfaction. Only criticism without any new political idea; but definitely a re-assertion of the supremacy of democracy.

The Guilds of Dublin

When the Municipal Corporations Commission (1835-6) were in secession the Dublin city gilds numbered twenty-five and their records were in existence. Of these registers, especially those prior to the seventeenth century, only a small part had not vanished when Monck Mason busied himself in their safe-keeping. He had transcripts made from some of the Journals of the Gild Merchant and of the Masters' Accounts of the Merchant Tailors, and some minor details relating to other Dublin trade corporations. These are in the British Museum (Egerton MSS. 1765). The learned J. T. Gilbert bought nearly all the Monck Mason Collection that had not gone to London and had transcripts made of almost everything he found relating to the Dublin gilds.

On the matter of the Guilds of Dublin the Catalogue of the Gilbert MSS. is as misleading as that of the Egerton MSS. Here are the entries in the former : (1) Charters and Documents of the Guild of Holy Trinity, or the Merchant Guild of Dublin, A.D. (1438-1824) ; (2) Charters and Documents of the Dublin Corporation of Cutlers, Painters, Stainers and Stationers, or Guild of St. Luke the Evangelist ; also of the Dublin Guild of Bricklayers. (3) Documents of the Guild of Tailors of Dublin, A.D. 1296-1753. (4) Dublin Guild Book, Henry VIII.

Of the Masters' Accounts of the Tailors' Guild, the earliest is 1550, A.D. not 1296. The First Book covers 1550-1606 A.D., the Second 1608-1647 ; the Third 1724-1753. "The Dublin Guild Book, Henry VIII." is not a precise description. It begins in 1513 (Hen. VIII.) and continues, with many gaps, until 1564 when Queen Elizabeth reigned in England. The Charter only of the Bricklayers' Guild is on record here.

Of these documents the original Journals of the Gild Merchant (1438-1795) alone were in the Record Office. Selections from J. T. Gilbert's well-known volumes, Calendars of the Ancient Records of Dublin, and from these transcripts, form the staple of Dr. Webb's book, so that reviewers have misled their readers by stating that the extent of his alleged salvage would assuage historians' grief. It contains some gleanings, but nothing of prime importance, that had not been in print before the holocaust of the Record Office. The existing muniments of the Gild of St. Mary Magdalen, the Corporation of Barber-Surgeons, are in Trinity College, Dublin. From these Dr. Webb has abstracted the oath of the Master and Wardens and other matter. He does not seem to have known that Dr. Berry printed these details more than a generation ago. Honestly he confesses that "other entries in the book can be deciphered only with difficulty." He has not extracted from it any data that scholars would consider of most value—Entries and Accounts, 1535 *et seq.* and the Enrolment of Apprentices and Journey-men, 1578-1588. He has looked at the original books of St. Luke the Evangelist's Gild, still in Dublin. The original record of the Gild of Carpenters, Millers, Masons and Heliers, kept its secrets from him. It is a very badly written register and needs much patience, as well as a sound knowledge of paleography, to decipher.

The late Edward Evans was the first to attempt a continuous historical narrative of the Dublin Gilds. Unfortunately his articles were not reprinted from the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* in which they appeared. The most scholarly studies on individual Dublin Gilds we possess are those by the learned Dr. H. F. Berry in the "Journal R. S. A. Ireland." There are dissertations therein

by other writers on the Weavers' Corporation, the Gild of the B.V.M., and on St. Luke the Evangelist's Gild. To sum up, short accounts of all the Gild MSS., that were in the Record Office except of those relating to the Corporations of the Shoemakers, the Brewers and Malsters and the Smiths, have been printed. Such material intensifies, rather than assuages, one's sorrow at the destruction of our archives, because no account, at once scientific and comprehensive, of any one Dublin Guild is now possible. Even the Goldsmiths' records were turned to ashes when the Custom House was given to the flames.

The surviving muniments, besides those already named, include (1) The Fraternity of Coopers, or Gild of St. Patrick. Original Charter and Minutes of Proceedings 1765-1836. (2) The Weavers' Corporation, or Gild of the B.V.M., 16 vols., 1675-1840, Minutes of Proceedings 1774-1807. (3) Society of Tallow Chandlers, Soap-Boilers, and Wax Light Makers or Guild of St. George, Records 1814-1840. (4) Register of the Statutes Merchant, or of the Staple, 1658-1675; 1678-1687.

Quaint old John Aubrey, the English historian, informs his readers that he "sets things down tumultuarly as if tumbled out of a Sack, as they come to my Hand, missing Antiquities and natural Things." That is a graphic way of stating what Dr. Webb, too, has done. There were good things in that Sack; there are good things in this, also, for the patient sorter. If judged as a lecturer's note-book, or as a loose aggregation of facts, this volume will prove of value, especially for its citations from the Journals of the Gild Merchant, the too short excerpts from the Master Tailors' Accounts, and its indication of the riches of that storehouse of information, Cal. Ancient Records, Dublin, relating to the social, economic and municipal life of our capital city. It is not a reasoned or a scholarly study, nor a lucid one. It is at once too wordy and too vague.

The merchants' and trades' fraternities alone are noticed; the social or faith gilds are dismissed in a sentence. If you are in quest of detailed information regarding the charters, the patron saints' days of the gilds, the situation of the various gild-halls, their properties, seals, chantries, and records, you may possibly find this book of some little use; more likely you will find it wanting. It is such a wayward and casual gathering that it defies analysis in the space at our disposal. First, a historical sequence is attempted, then a subject classification. Neither method is adhered to; the result baffles one accustomed to the literature of the gild system in history. Dr. Webb almost ignores the vital political changes (save on the religious side) that so profoundly affected the gilds and he does not seem to know that the Gild Merchant lost one, at least, of its peculiar privileges when James I. ruled.

The Public Records (Royal Commission), 1912-19, rightly judged that many of the volumes in the Rolls Series were of little use. It recommended that several of them should be re-edited, translated, and brought into line with modern historical methods. Gilbert's "Historic and Municipal Documents of Ireland" in the series needs elucidation in the light of the great advance that has been made in our knowledge of Town Law and Customs. Dr. Webb needlessly imports from this work, found in any well-equipped library, pages relating to the "Guild Merchant." Even the great Gilbert could do no more than speculate as to the age of these undated documents here arraigned. Dr. Webb sees the weakness

of that editor's proposition for he sagely opines "their identification by Gilbert as being portion of the Rolls of the Guild Merchant might be challenged." Then he rashly enumerates the "members admitted in the year 1226." Now he has not a vestige of authority for so writing. "The Guild was predominantly English in composition." Again he shoots a random shaft. It was Norman-French, not English. Dr Bugge has identified twenty-two of the alleged English merchants from Cross-Channel ports as Norse or Norse-Irish; seven from the Norse Kingdom of Man and one Dane. The Irish and Welsh records and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle prove that our Isle had social, economic and blood-relationship with Wales and the Bristol Channel ports centuries before the Norman invasion. Dublin was known in the second century. The Norse-Irish Kingdom of Dublin and Bristol were so intimately related that even the ground plans of these seaports were similar, their churches were dedicated to the same heavenly patrons. When Dermot MacMurrough was seeking aid he lodged in the house of a wealthy merchant in Bristol. This so-called Guild Merchant list is made up of Christian names mainly indicating trades, professions, personal or physical characteristics. Those who have studied the records of the Irish Saints and Scholars on the continent from the seventh to tenth centuries know that the Latinizing of Gaelic names often abolished their seeming racial origin. The same is true when they passed through Norman or English channels. Who could determine, on their face value, that Virgilius, Sedulius, Peregrinus, Marcellus, Germanus or even Rumold and Donatus were Irish, as we know they were from other evidence? What we can assert without cavil is that the names on the earliest rolls of Dublin's citizens seem to be Norman-French, Welsh, Saxons, Flemings, Norse or Norse-Irish, Manxmen, Spanish, Portuguese and French. The merchants from other parts of Ireland may or may not have been Gaelic. We do not know when this Guild came to our city or how long its members had lived in it before Henry II. came. All is mere guess-work. Strangely enough it was the Act of Parliament, 1465, that endeavoured to make our forefathers, who lived within the mearings of the English Pale, destroy the outward sign of their Irish origin by adopting the same form of surnames, place-names, names of trades, colours, etc. No revolution in Irish History, succeeded in wholly uprooting the people, as distinct from the classes. Wealth, place, and power changed hands; that was all. The two greatest "plantations," the Cromwellian and the Ulster, failed. Whether the Irish people were removed from Dublin as were some of the Ostmen, we know not. Gilbert, from the depths of his great lore, wrote that our towns were neither English nor Irish. As our knowledge increases the value of that judgment is enhanced.

"The actual, every-day life of the craft guilds of Dublin down to the close of the sixteenth century can be best learned from a study of the working of one particular guild. The guild of the tailors lends itself to that study. The records of no other guild contain such a mass of vivid and illuminating detail" (p. 76). Dr. Webb would have expressed himself differently had not the Accounts of the Barber-Surgeons and those of the Carpenters, Millers, Masons, and Heliers guilds, been cryptic to him. It is a pity that he did not treat his readers, as he would have treated an audience, or a class of pupils, treated them to a plain unvarnished tale; then indeed the details would have been "vivid and illuminating." I write from long experience. It is well known that when a scholar has

become immersed in some branch of learning he may regard even the most recondite aspects of it as familiar as household words to babes and sucklings. Evidently Dr. Webb images that the dark cave "A Tudor Account Book," Master-Tailors' Accounts, is a house of crystal. Perhaps a specialist, or even Macaulay's schoolboy, may jeer at these experienced words yet the ordinary man who reads as he runs will not derive clear light from the naked data supplied. It is unwise reticence on the author's part. In the citation from the *Calendar of Ancient Record*, Dublin, setting out the functions of the Gild Merchant and the craft gilds in the great pageant of Corpus Christi, Dr. Webb omits even Gilbert's small aid to its elucidation. I submit that "quarterage," "mydrype," "corvisers," "dryge," "besyne," "courteours," the "Nine Worthies," "Tourmentours," "Crychur," "Kinges of Collyn," "The Maire of the Bulring," "white testors," and so on, need explanation, as they will not be readily understood by many an educated man even whose studies have been in other fields. Why not have outlined the entertaining functions of the Mayor of the Bull Ring? This individual was "a dignified and potent officer whose functions were particularly vital," like the Lord High Executioner of comic opera fame. We are informed that "Sir" was an "Elizabethan" title given to priests and parsons. Well, it was in use more than a hundred years ere Queen Elizabeth was born. The great annual celebration, "Black Monday," did not commemorate a "battle" but a slaughter of the Dublin citizens, in A.D. 1209, in Cullenswood, by the clans of Wicklow.

"The references to journeymen are strangely few in both municipal and guild records" (pp. 226-7), and "The by-laws of the Guild of Feltnmakers are exceptional in that they make several references to the journeymen." Remembering what has been stated earlier that we have fragments of only two of the old gild books (in sixteenth century), and the Master Tailors' Accounts, these are rash pronouncements, for each contains several items concerning journeymen. The muniments of the Weavers' Fraternity under 1691, 1742 and 1751 give voice to complaints against them. The Gild of St. Luke the Evangelist, in 1768 noted that "several members of this Guild have suffered great losses and inconvenience by seditious and illegal associations of some idle, profligate and insolent Journey-men printers." There are other such laments. The case of the Merchant Tailors' Gild is notorious. There is an abundant supply of testimony on its rowdy journeymen. Space is limited so I must content myself by asking Dr. Webb to study the Accounts for 1758, 1769, the regulating Act of 1772, and the Gild's petition to the Dublin Parliament to fix Journeymen wages. These are but samples of many wails and indictments. A united protest was uttered in Essex Street, Dublin, by the Gilds of Tailors, Saddlers, Tanners, Weavers, Smiths, Bakers, Coopers, Butchers and Cutlers, against journeymen and foreigners (4th June, 1730). There is little doubt that a study of the Gild records that existed prior to 1920 would have augmented our knowledge of the frequency with which in the eighteenth century, the "nuisance of the journeymen" was bewailed.

Adverting to a petition presented to the Common Council, 1667, by the Gild of St. Patrick (p. 227), Dr. Webb cannot assign a trade to it." He surmises that it was a "cognate craft" to the carpenters. "It may have been the Joiners' Guild." The Gild of St. Patrick was the Fraternity or Gild of Coopers. Its earliest hall was in Castle St. Its Charter (1666) and Minutes of Proceedings, 1765-1836, are in private custody.

Here is a strange pronouncement: The by-law of the Gild Merchant, 14 April, 1656, "deserves to be quoted in full, as it makes mention for the first time of the admission of members by special grace, a practice which was ultimately to have disastrous consequences for the Guild" (p. 158). If Dr. Webb will but study with care his authorities, he will find that nearly two hundred years before grace especial is noted on the Franchise Roll of 1468. It continued through the centuries, as he may see by consulting Gilbert's *Calendars*. It formed one of the six (not three, as Dr. Webb, in common with many scribes, avouches) ways of admission to Town Franchise. The practice of deducing a rule or principle from an isolated instance, or from a few ordinances, is a weakness of this author. When an apprentice had served his full term the "newly qualified craftsman became entitled to be admitted to the franchise or freedom of the city of Dublin," declares Dr. Webb, in truth. "A statute of the Irish Parliament of the year 1500 recognised its existence in Dublin at that date. A certain looseness of practice had grown up in the sixteenth century whereby craftsmen had been admitted to the freedom of the craft without being enrolled on the list of civic freemen, and, on the other hand, craftsmen had been admitted to the freedom of the city without the assent of the masters and wardens of their guild" (pp. 121-122). He quotes a by-law of 1555 against the malpractice. He avers that this ordinance was "no dead letter," because one Thady Toole was punished for disregarding it (1590). Well, one swallow does not make a summer. In the records of the Gild of Carpenters, Millers, Masons, and Heliers" (Slaters), it is stated that the apprentice, having served full seven years, "*might* be brought by his master and the gild to the gildhall of the city, to be admitted a freeman of the same." A comparison of the existing rolls of gildsmen and freemen of the city proves that this law was as honoured in the breach as in the observance. The evidence given before the Municipal Corporations Commission (1835-36) attests that there were three classes of freemen: (1) Those made free of the City at large without having previously obtained the freedom of any of the guilds—this was "Special Grace"; (2) those admitted, in the first instance, to the freedom of a guild and then to that of the city at large; (3) those admitted to the freedom of a guild but not to the freedom of the city. This last constituted the smallest body of freemen. The XVth and XVIth Rolls of Freemen prove that civic franchise was granted under six categories.

I can find no record in the Statutes of the alleged parliament of 1500.

Dr. Webb declares, in one place, that the Dublin gildsmen were English; later he accidentally stumbles on the truth when he remarks that "racial antipathy died out only to give place to religious antipathy," in the seventeenth century.

Everyone admitted to the freedom of a corporate town or to a merchant or craft gild had, by law, to be "of the English nation." Now when Dr. Webb writes that the Dublin Gilds were English, he errs in the company of all our historians, save one. As I was responsible for the material and views of that exception, Mrs. J. R. Green, I must give evidence why I hold that the gildsmen were Irish, in large part. First, let me take the only surviving three sixteenth century gild evidence we have already detailed. Had Dr. Webb really studied them and been familiar with the vagaries of the renderings of Irish names in English he would have arrived at a different conclusion.

In all countries, in every age, the merchants and the wealthy folk have stood

firm for constituted authority. The Gild Merchant was necessarily a class organization, and in Dublin it naturally tried to keep the Irish enemy outside its fold. Dr. Webb cites a resolution, 1573, from its Journal, but fails to grasp its significance. It declared that "so many Irish natives and others of simple birth are allowed apprentices contrary to the statutes of this realme," that the Gild had been held "in great derision," and feared that the Government would threaten its liberties if the practice were not discontinued. This is clear evidence that even in the most "loyal" of gilds the Irish Gaels had their place. But the Fraternity of Carpenters, Masons, and Heliers paid little attention to the orders of Dublin Castle. Thus, the Lord Justice sent a mandate to the Mayor of Dublin and "to all the parish churches in Dublin that they should not keep Corpus-Christi holly-day, but that every man and woman should work as they did every other working day in the week upon a great penalty and displeasure of trouble." Notwithstanding this warning all the carpenters, masons and smiths stayed away except the helier (slater) and his helpers, who were engaged on a contract job. (1565).

(1) The names on the charter to the Gild of Carpenters, Millers, Masons, and Heliers (*temp.* Hen. VII) include Heyne, O'Mony, O'Tole, Callan, Obyn (O'Byrne in Guild Book). Among the names on this register are Donyll, Morgh, Coone, Murghan, Bren O'Hely, O'Brune, Herle, Fowlan, Tade *helier*, Kelly, Mory, Morryshe, Gylcryste, Ferroke, Conwe, Trasse, Pat Croly, Dermot Dowortie, Thady Convey, Fowertie, Pat Nolan, O'Sheil (also O'Shell), Langan, Reyllye, Hefforte, Hoyer, Pat Beaghan, Kennedy, Hew Meye, Keawan, Coyne, Hayn, O'Lennan, O'Bregane, Donyll oge Mackehonolly, Schnynnagh, Ferdoragh O'Roertie, McClanchy, Brenagh, Melaghlyne. This gild seems predominantly Irish.

The MS. Journal of Sir Peter Lewys is in Trinity College Library. The late Jas. Mills, Deputy Keeper of Records, gave an account of it (*Journal R. Soc. Antiquaries. Irel.*, 1896, 1901). It is regretted that the proposal of this Society to print the whole was not carried out, as it contains a body of information of a kind that is very scarce in Irish history. Lewys, Precentor of Christ Church, was in charge of the works when that cathedral was being re-edified, 1564-5. There was one Frenchman, a smith. "Of the artizans and labourers employed it is noticeable that almost all bear Irish names." Dr. H. F. Berry wrote on the same subject. "Sir Peter Lewis: Ecclesiastic, Cathedral and Bridge Builder" (*Trans. Ars Quat. Coronati*, 1902). He cites the names of several labourers employed who "bore Irish surnames." The names of the masons, carpenters and heliers are given, and they appear also "to have been Irishmen." Only Hanries, the mason, "is more probably English than Irish." The names correspond with those in the Gild Book.

(2) As distinct from Masters and Wardens, we have lists of gild Brethren of the Carpenters, Millers, Masons and Heliers only. The Master-Tailors' Accounts contain incidental names: Brady, Casse, Casie, Cormick, John Dillon, several Kellys, Kennys, Dermots and Desmonds; Dougan, Pat Clone, Moran, Keane, Toole, Conelan, Pat Flynn, Carroll, Croly, Dowding, Hay. Carpenters employed were Pat Nolan, Hoyer and Barnabe. The law agents were Eddie O'Byrne, John Byrne, Gerald Dillon, John McDermott. The Roll of Freemen record these tailors: "Byrne, Dowlin, Doyle, Flynn, Finn, Gorry, Dempsey, Hely, Hanlon,

Heyne, Kennedy, Malone, Mony (O'Money elsewhere), Neyll, Ryan, Reilly, Morran, Curran, Curragh, Coyle, Corry, Ferrall Cavan, Betagh, Brehonne, Broder, Brennan, Lennan

(3) The Barber-Surgeons' records yield Coyle, Coyll, Rowland Merry (*alias* O'Hourihan), Kelly, Drynane, Murphy, Hickey, Byrne, Shiel and Collier (noted as *Hibernicus*), Naghten, Dermott, Cassadie. Thos. Dillon was this Guild's lawyer.

The Roll of Freemen (edited by Miss Gertrude Thrift) corrects many errors in Gilbert's *Calendar of Ancient Records, Dublin*. When one omits the names of the original invaders who, outside the corporate towns, had become more Irish than the Irish themselves—Walsh, Barry, Roche, Nugent, etc. and doubtful names like Betagh, Begg (*anglicé* Little), Forde, Lany, Skerry, Uriell, Mulgan, Conran, etc., which some genealogists may assert are English-Irish, others as original Irish—the remnant of purely Gaelic names in the Guilds is surprisingly large. On this Roll the O and Mac are omitted in all cases, save for O'Toole and McCann. Remembering the ancient hostility between the Leinster clans and Dublin, it is strange to find so many O'Byrnes, O'Tooles and O'Mores (but Cavanaghs and O'Conors are few) guilds' freemen. Space forbids more than a bare moiety, but it will suffice if it will cause students to examine the records to judge for themselves. Then they will cease to hold that the Dublin Gilds did not contain a large number of Irish craftsmen. Here is a short representative list :—Byrne, Brennan, Beghane, Boylan, Brehonne, Coyne, Casey, Clere, Cullan, Cosgrave, Connell, Carroll, Crogan, Dirrane, Dougan, Daly, Donnaghe, Dermott, Dillon, Donnell, Doyne, Devlin, Dempsy, Droomgoole, Doyle, Dowling, Dongan, Downee, Farrell, Flynn, Finn, Galvan, Gavan, Gowney, Grady, Gormley, Gorman, Hickey, Hely, Hanlon, Higgin, Hagan, Kelly, Kenny, Kennedy, Kenan, Kerny, Kiernane, Lalor, Leineagh, Nolan, Mangan, Miagh, Malone (a prominent name), Murnaghane, Maccan, Morran, Magwire, Murphy, Morrohoo, Murchowe, Morghoe, Mony, Money, Moyle, Mirgin, Murtagh, Neill, Lennan, Lynnan, Lynn, Regan, Quinn, Ryan and Reilly (names in almost every guild), Royrk, Ronowe, Shynnagh, Shagnes, Slatry, Shee, Scanlan, Slavan, Sheil, Tully, Teynagh, Tierneagh, Ultagh.

I must call a halt, as I have given proof enough that the Dublin craftsmen were more Gaelic than Anglo-Irish ; the names of the New English are comparatively few.

The printing and binding of the book deserve high praise. Colm O Lochlain has added another feather to his deservedly adorned cap. The illustrations, too, are well done.

In spite of its many shortcomings, this is a cheap book because of the fresh material it contains, fresh for the general reader of Irish history. I myself will gladly add it to my book-shelf, because of its copious extracts from the Journals of the Gild Merchant, and for some incidental matter not readily accessible to the non-specialist

SEAN GHALL.

THE GUILDS OF DUBLIN. By John J. Webb, M.A., LL.D. Dublin : Sign of the Three Candles, Fleet St. 12s. 6d. net.

Literature in France

Melancholy enough it is to read the book advertisements in newspapers and magazines two or three years old. There you will come on this kind of thing : "The *Daily Spout* says : 'Mr. [or Mrs. or Miss] X's. new novel is the greatest achievement in English literature since the death of Thackeray. For the depth, the harmony of design, the human understanding that characterize this book there is only one word—genius.'" Meanwhile, the book has dropped out of circulation and even out of the memory of man ; for if allured by these high-sounding phrases you would read it, nobody can find it, nobody knows its name.

In France, as in England and America, the middling biography is becoming as great a nuisance as the middling novel. About two appear every week. Few of these books are positively bad ; few stand out from the ruck ; and not one a year is excellent. Even when they are brightly written, what is the use of them unless they impart new information on their subject ? Surely there are few things more tiresome and worthless than a man showing how smart he can be at the expense of Machiavelli or Cardinal Mazarin or Henry the Eighth. Lately I saw a flash book of this kind, published in America, compared by a critic of some repute to Carlyle's "Frederick." Beguiled by this magic tooting I looked into the book : *O quanta Charybdis !* Now I consider that the critic owes me what I paid for it.

Paul Souday, the critic of *Le Temps*, who died the other day, took pleasure sometimes in rending such things and twisting them inside out. For Souday knew a great deal on a great many subjects, and the gaudy biographer, for all his oil and jewellery, could not get past him. Souday is missed much more than during his life it was thought he would be. It was not always possible to agree with him ; he even roused violent dislike and opposition ; but he counted on that and perhaps deliberately provoked it. He knew that the only way to make readers of the daily press now-a-days take an interest in literary criticism is to make it personal and sensational, just as it was in the time of Byron. He liked a row. He received some rough blows and returned as good as he got, and often better. He paid little attention as to whether he had the majority on his side or not. He never flattered anybody, not even the owners of the papers in which he operated. He was put overboard from an afternoon paper where he dealt with music and drama because he did not take an actress who was a friend of one of the principal shareholders at her own value. It is to the credit of *Le Temps*, one of the staidest papers in the world, that it gave him a free hand for twenty years. He had his principles and favourites and remained faithful to them through thick and thin. Among his principles were Rationalism and Democracy. Among his gods were Victor Hugo and Wagner. Among his favourites were Paul Valéry, André Gide, some others more or less questionable. Proust he could not stomach, and that was the cause of many battles. He was not in the least like Sainte-Beuve : he had not Sainte-Beuve's reticence, sinuousness, caution. He was more like Hazlitt in his belligerence, occasional recklessness, violent prejudices, and also in the breadth of his interests. Sainte-Beuve was sceptical, and by consequence disdainfully tolerant of all sorts of ideas and persons when his own personal feelings were not engaged ; but he was

strictly a man of learning and a man of letters. Souday matched Hazlitt's knowledge of painting with his knowledge of music. His work has not the elements of permanence which Hazlitt's has, or Sainte-Beuve's for that matter: it is probable that in a few years his books will be as little read as Jules Janin's or Gustave Planche's are to-day. But there is no doubt that his criticism has had a certain effect in its time and place. Some who would be even now in limbo he brought up to the light. In his last years he established an admiration for the mathematician and physicist, Meyerson, and made this writer known to a kind of reader who, without Souday, would never have heard of him.

* * * * *

Georges Courteline also died not long ago. He was over seventy, but he had ceased to write well-nigh thirty years ago. He saw himself become a classic, his characters become currency with journalists like those of Molière or Voltaire. If a certain type of husband in difficulties with his wife gets into the news he is invariably referred to as *Boubourouche*. And so with others.

If Courteline is little read outside France the reason is that, like some French customs, he is too intimately French to be relished by foreigners. But it is to be noted that even in France his death was taken with indifference by the quite young generation. The young men did not attack him as they did Anatole France. What they feel about Courteline is that he had nothing to say which comes home to them personally. They don't understand him. For Courteline dealt with a period of French life which is not very far off, but which is so different from to-day that it might be the seventeenth century. The young generation cannot understand these men whose life turns between their office, and eternal games of cards in a café, and dodging their wives. The modern youths take themselves seriously, and Courteline took nothing seriously. They have not much humour, or, at any rate, a different conception of humour. When they watch his plays at the Comédie Française they are not much interested or amused; push them a little and they will tell you that all that kind of thing seems to them rather silly. When Courteline's novel, *Les Linottes*, which dates from 1885, was turned into a comic opera a few years ago, the young man who adapted it made several additions in the taste of to-day, and even introduced new characters. Courteline, who was the most easy-going man in the world as far as his own works were concerned, made no objection.

He was a Frenchman of his own time, but he was very narrowly even of his own time. He abhorred, for instance, the writing woman as such, and refused to take her seriously. If a woman was pretty she appealed to him, and he took her literature into the bargain. He wrote prose admirable within its limits, without imagery or poetry or nerves, but very clear and firm.* Yet he had never

* His "Boswell," Mme. Jean Portail, says that he would often repeat: "It is style which gives things their value." (*Rien ne vaut que par le style*). This is doubtless true, although beauty of language causes a certain type of scientist and historian to suspect feebleness of thought. From this reason, Renan, in spite of his massive learning, is regarded with a blighting smile by some specialists in the history of religions; and when Maeterlinck in his books on zoology, botany and astronomy lays bare the mystery which lies at the heart of certain matters often treated by official science, he is told in some quarters that he starts from false premises, that he begs the question, etc., precisely because that kind of magic which lies upon his pages has made professional readers suspicious.

studied anything or read much, and might be called ignorant. All he knew he had picked up from the Paris streets and cafés and Montmartre studios—Montparnasse did not exist in his active time except as a railway station. He loved Paris and could not conceive any tolerable life away from it. He travelled a little in Europe, but it only made him homesick for Paris. "Is not Vienna a fine city?" someone asked him. "Yes, but I can't imagine how people live there." Not long before his death an admirer said to him that in other countries he would have received far greater honours. "In England you would be Lord Courteline." "Lord Courteline? Yes. But it would bore me to be an Englishman."

He was the very model of French bourgeois good-sense. He never expressed an opinion except on matters where he was sure of his ground—the theatre, or the day-to-day life of Paris. For those who consulted him on questions of politics or philosophy he had a card printed setting forth that he didn't care a damn. His *Philosophie de Georges Courteline* is quite perfect as far as it goes, but it does not go very far or rise very high from the ground. It is the expression of the average Frenchman's attitude to life, such life as knocking about Paris has enabled him to realize, and is undoubtedly useful to those who find themselves in a like situation. To culture or learning it owes nothing, and of idealism has not a trace. Yet it is not utilitarian; it contains nothing at all about "getting on," or beating your neighbour in a bargain, or taking advantage of the weakness and misery of others, or despising the poor, or shoving down the unfortunate and unhappy. Never was man less Yankee than Courteline—taking that word as signifying characteristics found in a certain kind of American. The changes come upon Paris since the war he must have intensely disliked, and they would have annoyed him more if he could have walked about the streets in his last years. For all his airs of bohemianism, Courteline was the French bourgeois of the eighteen-nineties. He hated parade and scandal and advertisement. His ideal was to live in a comfortable house with a handsome wife. And so he ended by doing.

He was a man singularly modest. He had been classed long ago as an amusing writer, but not one to be considered seriously. The eminent critics of his active time, Brunetière, Faguet, Larroumet, did not give him any real consideration. His books used to appear in a series called *Les Auteurs gais* with crude pictures on the covers. He accepted that classification of himself once for all, and even in his last years, when he saw himself compared to Molière, he would have none of it. His friends kept insisting in the press that he should be in the Académie Française, but he never offered himself as a candidate, nor would he have been elected if he had. He was elected to the Académie Goncourt, but very tardily, and after he had been twice, I think, refused; and he showed himself altogether too grateful for this honour of the last hour. When he saw the huge number of letters and telegrams which came to him on this occasion he was surprised and touched, and although he was ill he replied to them all himself. But he remarked: "I think all those people must have suddenly become insane."

Courteline's books will probably live because they have in them much of what is permanent in the French character, independent of fashions and seasons. Even the young men who will have none of him to-day will probably read him with pleasure when they come to be forty-five. At present his admirers are those

who were young men in the Paris before the war and who find their lost youth in his books. He does not seem to be much read by women of any age. But do women ever really like the comic writer unless he be also sentimental? Anyhow, I know of but one woman who has ever expressed her admiration for Courteline's books. That is the novelist and journalist, Mme. Jean Portail, who has published a small volume on the subject. She is a young woman and extremely up-to-date—facts which may have some value in estimating Courteline's future renown.

* * * * *

The Rumanian Princess Bibesco has published the notebook of her journey in Egypt. It does not seem to have been arranged at all for publication; in any case very little. They are the notes of an artist, of a born writer, face to face with something new by which she has been deeply moved, when she expected to be only mildly interested, if that.

In some lines written about Mme. Bibesco last year in this magazine, I said she was the best woman writer in France. Thinking it over, I am inclined to say that she is one of the best writers in France. Certainly there are very few even among the men who surpass her, whose books can be read with as much interest or regarded with a respect so sincere. She is never a bore, but she is never loud or aggressive. Neither is she flat-footed. She has not the canary-bird style. Her books are not written to memorialize the Day of Atonement. What living French man or woman has written a more beautiful novel than *Le Perroquet Vert*, grey and peaceful as sad things come to be when the time for weeping has gone by?

Among other things, Mme. Bibesco has proved that the books of a *femme du monde*—a "society woman" as the Americans say—may be at all points as good as those of the best professionals. There is no reason why it should not be so, but as a matter of fact it is not often so. I myself came to her books very reluctantly, thinking they would be a good deal more Princess than Bibesco, and it was the mere accident of reading an article by her in an illustrated paper which led me to them. I don't say that, given her faculties, she does not gain something by her condition in life. In Paris people have been so much stunned since the war by the uproar of a lot of females come from everywhere craving notoriety at all costs, who dance and sing and act and paint and write with the most ordinary qualifications for those arts, but who manage by unbounded impudence, money and other means less avowable to produce themselves, that it comes really as a surprise to find in any feminine production a little reticence, a small measure of self-distrust and good manners and consideration for others. These things, I know, would not count for much without the native gift; but Mme. Bibesco is the born writer. Were she simply to take a walk "out Glasnevin way" where, according to the poet, the funerals pass all day, she would bring back from her walk a new aspect of the road she had passed over.

This *Jour de l'Égypte*—Egyptian Light, deals with places treated times and again since the king's daughter found little Moses among the reeds of the river, but the light is fresh and new which beats upon the old things. "The first creature of God, in the work of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason." Well, it is the light of reason this new light of Egypt which is shed pensively upon the immemorial stones and the dust of dead kings ravished

from their tombs. "In looking them over I think these notes, rapid and undeveloped as they are, may create a longing for Egypt precisely because they cannot satisfy it," says the author modestly in her preface.

The following passage is translated not because it is by any means the best or most suggestive in the book, but because it will doubtless have a special interest for many readers of this magazine :—

"When we got back, the friend of Hou* asked me, 'Why are we so disliked?'

"I explained to him that it is hard, even impossible for people to love those whom they cannot pity. Who can love power and fortune in another? Envy, jealousy, imitation—that is what the word 'English' calls forth. But love?

"Whoever likes the English must have at command the courage to stand the word *snob*—which indeed we owe to them.

"France is loved, but she is an unhappy heroine. Joan of Arc came to grief. So did Napoleon. The monarchy of Louis the Fourteenth, once the envy of all Europe, ended on the scaffold.

"The great English rulers, Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, Cromwell, Victoria, died in their beds, and they are not lovable. Mary Stuart is touching, but she is the sacrificial victim and does not represent the power of England. Our Lord Jesus Christ is Son of God, Son of David, King of Heaven, but He is also a poor man who was nailed to a cross."

Of course there are flaws in the argument. Charles the First and James the Second were not exactly fortunate monarchs. Nor was that other queen Mary, Mary Tudor, the most interesting from a personal standpoint, certainly the most poetic figure of all the English sovereigns. Still, taken generally, Mme. Bibesco's reasoning appears sound, though much of it at the present hour applies more to the United States than to England.

Here is another quotation :—

"I consider Mr. Howard Carter, who sat next to me at lunch, as one having an immortal soul, and nobody else does that since his discovery. Everybody talks to him about Tut-ank-Amon, never about himself. He reminds me of those unhappy lords and ladies in waiting who are always asked how is the queen's neuralgia or the king's cold, but never how they are themselves.

"So I ask Mr. Carter about himself. How does he live in his house in the desert? What does he read? He bids me to guess. It is not the Bible. The Bible should not be read in the desert, for the reader would perceive that he might have written it himself. He reads a French author. Which? I cannot think. Well, Balzac. I should have guessed that. It needs Balzac to populate the desert.

* That is to say, the Aide-de-camp of the British High-Commissioner with whom Mme. Bibesco was staying. It seems that this official is called *Hou* by the natives.

"Mr. Carter is a nice man who has the reputation of being disagreeable. He is pursued by visitors, all well-known people, who arrive at the Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor armed with letters of introduction, which, in their hands, are really arms. He is forced to barricade himself so as to get on with his work.

"He told me that the other day a resolute American woman pounced out on him from behind the door of his own house.

" 'Are you Mr. Carter?'

" 'No.'

" 'Yes, you are!'

" 'No, Madam.'

" 'Well, you look very like him.'

" 'That is my misfortune.' "

Almost every page is worth quoting. Here is a passage in a different vein. It refers to the mural ornaments in a temple at Thebes.

" 'I will make thine enemies as a footstool for thy feet' is promised to him by another inscription, familiar to my ears. It is the *Scabellum* of our Vespers on Sundays. Tut-ank-Amon—his name, which is too much bandied about, means, Living-Image-of-God. I will never again name him otherwise.

"The young heir to the throne is presented to God, his father, who blesses him. In the first scene the image of Ammon reproduces the features of Amenophis III., which signifies quite simply that the son is the living image of his father. St. Paul clearly had studied these people here. I read again the Epistle to the Colossians: 'This Son is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of the Father. . . . He is before all things And He is the head of the body, the Church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead.'

"Upon the descent from the Father we agree, Egyptians and Catholics. Where can I have learned this genealogy of Christ, the Son of David 'Who was son of Adam, who was son of God'? Whence it comes that He is called the Son of Man. And Joan of Arc, urged to acknowledge that she had claimed to be the daughter of God, appeals to the Father and confesses with her head bowed this admirable truth:

'Joan, art thou the daughter of God?'

'*I am His child.*' "

* * * * *

I should do wrong to end this article without giving some lines to a new book which deserves respectful attention. It is a kind of novel, but more a pamphlet—the biography of one Nephtali, with the title: *Nephtali sera canonisé*. Nephtali is one of those modern heroes of whom the society of to-day makes its bankers, its statesmen, its "merchant-princes," etc., and finally, its saints. In America, for instance, you may often hear proclaimed from the pulpit that Jesus Christ is on the side of big fortunes, that the way to be virtuous is to be rich, that there is something wrong and sinful about a man who can't make money, that it is

harder for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a poor and unsuccessful man to enter Heaven. The *Nephtalis* who are not canonized by the Church, which occasionally requires virtues of another order, are canonized by the State.

The writer who relates the history of this canonization, Mlle. Lucie Porquerol, is said to be a girl of sixteen. That a girl of sixteen should write a book is not in itself a thing for wonder : since reading and writing have been generally diffused we have seen girls even younger do it, if not in France, at least in the English-language countries. But what has not hitherto been seen is a girl of sixteen with the clear and disenchanted philosophy of life sometimes found in those whose hides have been pretty well tanned by long years of battling with the world. If Mlle. Porquerol wrote her book herself, and no doubt she did, it must have been dictated to her by some very old spirit which has taken as its habitat her young body. Consider, for example, the following :—

“Human society is a funny kind of thing and does not offer any variety. Only three species are to be found in it : the selfish brutes, the good-natured, and the geniuses. The brutes live on the good-natured and ignore the geniuses. The good-natured see only the geniuses, and they serve the brutes (without knowing it). And the geniuses are perhaps geniuses because they see quite clearly the brutes, the good-natured, and themselves, and serve one or the other, or else serve nobody at all, as their humour prompts them.”

And some pages further on, this apothegm which might be Swift's in one of his black and savage moods :—

“The clever man lives on the stupid man and the stupid man lives by his work.”

Of course a little of that sort of thing goes a long way. I do not need to be told that the converse of the proposition is also true, and perhaps more true : A vast number of stupid people live by clever people whom they exploit. Mlle. Swift will reply that in so far they are not stupid ; they are rather what she would call *malins*. Swift himself was *malin*, or tried his best to be ; but it did not carry him far, after all. To read him is infinitely unprofitable because his views are so limited and the objectives he proposes so mean. He is generally taken as a proud man, but he was not indifferent enough to be proud. He was arrogant, which is something else. He had the principles of a bailiff and bludgeoning attorney and Tamany-Hall politician. He was perhaps a man of considerable intelligence, but his intelligence never surpassed his experience which was pretty narrow. To put him beside certain other men even of his own time, Diderot for instance, is to see all he lacks to be great.

The youthful author of *Nephtali* has one advantage at least over Swift, that whereas he propounded his cynicism in morose earnest, she does it with her tongue in her cheek as the exponent of her hero, one of our latter-day saints. As she is at the threshold of her career it is not surprising that the accent seems occasionally forced. The last chapter, in which are given extracts from the European press on the death and miracles of *Nephtali*, is ferocious enough to rejoice the heart—what heart he had—of her father Swift.

But I would suggest to her this : The great success from a material standpoint does not go to those who tear off the bandages and expose the sores of humanity, but rather to those who pity human misery and try to find something to console it. Nobody likes to be jeered at ; all, when they are ill—and human life is a malady—like to be lulled and soothed. For every reader of Nietzsche, Maeterlinck has a thousand.

But it is better to end with a few more selections from the sage of sixteen :—

“ The first who launches anybody or anything is, all considered, the most disinterested and the stupidest. Once the person or thing fairly started, they will never come back towards their creator ; they are for others. Sometimes even they will deny and abuse the master who has formed them, the idea which has enabled their own to expand.”

“ This world will always go on in the same fashion, and all those who are not oysters know that quite well. However, they are constantly employed in demolishing all that exists so as to replace it by something exactly the same.”

“ It is the Press that manufactures everything that happens. If the newspapers did not take ten days to relate an event which took hardly half-an-hour in a life-time, nothing would have taken place. Always the same law : The existence of anything depends on the uproar which is made about it.”

“ Paris has its own special kind of life—a life of taxis, appointments and bluff. All the Parisians succeed in Paris ; the foreigners supply the money ; and the provincials get run over.”

This last needs revision. The money supplied by the foreigners is not what it used to be : the foreigners to-day travel shabbily in bands. And if some provincials get run over, others of them run Paris. The Prefect of Police is a Corsican ; the Prefect of the Seine from the midlands ; and a number of those on the Conseil Municipal saw the light of day for the first time not in Paris.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

Paris : August.

Book Reviews

RETROSPECTIONS OF DOROTHEA HERBERT, 1770-1789. Gerald Howe. 7s. 6d. net.

Dorothea Herbert has that exact and incisive command of English which seems to have been common among eighteenth century writers, and is a charm in itself. But apart from this and her native humour, at times a trifle boisterous, she does not possess strikingly unusual qualities of mind or imagination, and the main interest of the journal lies in its vivid portrayal of the social background and manners of the day in rural Ireland. The daughter of a country clergyman, the Rev. Nicholas Herbert of Carrick-on-Suir, and his wife a child of the first Lord Desart, Dorothea was of the type one might find in any country clergyman's family, a jolly breezy creature, content with the limited social contacts of provincial society and the affectionate give-and-take of a large family, which like so many others of the period relied for its entertainment and diversion entirely on its own individual resources. Indeed many modern families of equivalent status who spend their leisure not in painting, acting, singing to the harpsichord, conversation, storytelling and laughter, but in dashing in motor cars from dance hall to cinema and from cinema to restaurant in pursuit of standardised mechanical pleasure might with infinitely greater profit emulate the Herberts and their friends.

To Dublin readers Dorothea's visit to Dublin at the age of ten to stay with her Aunt Cuffe at 7 Gloucester St., will probably be the most entertaining section of the book. She tells us how on her arrival, her provincial wardrobe was overhauled by her townified relations, "My Mother's fine home-made linen was deemed 'too coarse, my rich flower'd Cottons chosen by the Crony Amateurs of Carrick were deemed vulgar and unwearable, my new St. John Stays a horrible bore, and my Philipian Pumps abominable —" Transformed and altered in "a full suit of rich gawze trimmed with blond lace and plenty of Marechale powder and Rose Pomatum "she" figured away at the Childrens Balls, the finest young lady in the room." The winter of 1780 was a gay one in Dublin, and she goes to Masquerades at the Rotunda and to "The Beggars' Opera" then all the rage (probably she saw Peg Woffington as Polly Peachum) at which the poor child wept buckets and got into hot water with her Aunt who thought it betrayed a "vulgar rusticity to laugh or cry at a playhouse."

Society in Ireland has always had a name for lavish hospitality and generosity, and its lavishness at this time appears to have reached a point only paralleled by that of Indian Rajahs. Thus when Dolly is once more at home in Carrick we find one or two of her friends bringing her from Dublin for a small gift "a New white Cloth Habit, a gold lace Hat and Feather, a Fine side saddle, Bridle, etc., a Chip Hat and Suit of gawze full Trimmed with quantities of Lilac and Straw Colour Ribbon . . . a Straw Coloured lute string gown."

The writer's weakest suit is her characterisation of people. As is often the case in unintellectual well-meaning persons, Dorothea's vaguely charitable attitude to most of her acquaintance tends towards insipidity. The reader tires of page after page of "jolly fox-hunting gentlemen" and "pretty good-humoured women" and pines for a little of the salt of that more subtle and

penetrating judgment which the recently published Harriet Wilson of Regency fame possessed to such an astonishing degree. Dorothea's descriptions of people are invariably of the eye rather than the mind. Accordingly she is at her best when describing a glaring eccentric like Edward Eyre, the following picture of whom is a most divertingly bizarre piece of draughtsmanship, reminiscent of Beardsley or Diaghileff's "Good Humoured Ladies." "He had a glass coach and a glass Vis-a-Vis where he sat dress'd out from top to toe in a suit of the gayest colour silk or sattin lined with Persian of a different colour. His hair was dress'd like a womans over a Rouleau or Tête which was then the fashion amongst the ladies. He sometimes carried a muff, sometimes a fan, and was always painted up to the eyes with the deepest carmine. . . . He kept his room all the morning and only came down to dinner and cards. Tea and cold water were his only beverage and sweetmeats or pickles of every kind his constant food."

The diary ends with the fair writer in the throes of her first real love affair with one, John Roe, a neighbour. "The fire of his eye, the vivacity of his manners, the varied animations of his looks rendered him completely irresistible" and for the time being, poor Dolly seems quite undone and her wonted high spirits sadly quelled, by the disastrous effect of love on "that sensibility keen and sharp as a two-edged sword which ever attended me from youth to age."

M. S. P.

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THE ODYSSEY OF NAUSICAA.

"Samuel Butler and the Odyssey" is the title of a little work by B. Farrington. It is a vindication by Mr. Farrington of Samuel Butler's views on the *Odyssey*, a work by a young lady named Nausicaa according to Butler, the principal rival claimant being a man named Homer. One of the edifying features of this little book is the author's reverential devotion towards his master Butler. *Deus, deus ille fuit, inclute Memmi.* "Butler did as much for the *Odyssey* as ever Schliemann did for the *Iliad*." . . . "The one great land mark in Odyssean criticism." But Butler's book "The Authoress of the *Odyssey*" was born in an evil hour and fell a prey to a shoal of cuttle fish critics that wrought havoc on the little thing and blackened the waters in their train. "The scholars who heard of his (Butler's) views were shocked. More, they were huffed." The quotations are from Mr. Farrington. "Academic writers like Arthur Platt killed Butler's book." Respectable people like Lang and Jebb had a hand in the murder too. "Butler who saved us from the miserable dilemma either of blinking the text or accepting the verdict of Longinus, is denounced on every hand. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch even accuses him of 'monkeying with Homer'." "If Butler's book could have been sent for review to Aristotle, Longinus, Bentley, Shelley, Colonel Mure and M. Maurice Croiset instead of the men into whose hands it did fall, 'Homeric' criticism in the last generation would have worn a very different complexion from what it actually presents to-day." And finally: "The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the twin pillars on which European literature rests. The *Odyssey* has always been slighter, weaker, a little suspect. Butler

tapped with his hammer, the plaster began to fall, the scholars shrieked, and there emerged a Caryatid, of solid marble and of infinite grace. The scholars have been slapping the plaster back on it ever since."

Mr. Farrington, therefore, has no small opinion of Butler. What exactly was Butler's discovery? I must confess, in my ignorance, that I have not read Butler. I must depend on Mr. Farrington for the facts. The first point settled by Butler is the location of Scheria, the kingdom of Alcinous, father of Nausicaa. Here according to the story told in the *Odyssey*, Odysseus lands shipwrecked after eighteen days' voyage from the island of Calypso, where he had spent seven weary years. But Calypso did not think so and fain would she have kept him, only that Zeus sent her a despatch by Hermes, and the daughter of Atlas yielded gracefully, if reluctantly. I may mention, incidentally that another critic, M. Victor Bérard has recently discovered Calypso's habitat in the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar. The grotto is there and the four springs, the alder, the poplar and sweet smelling cypress, owls and falcons and long-tongued sea crows—everything, in fact, except the nymph of the fair tresses and her roving lord. And still the dull-witted critics are sceptical. Well, Butler is not concerned with Calypso. Where was Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians and where is it? Scheria used to be identified with Corcyra, the modern Corfu, and antediluvian professors still accept this legend. Butler discovered that this homeland of the Phaeacians, Scheria, was and is none other than Trapani in Sicily, or Drepane, as the ancients called it. People called Cyclopes, not nice to know, lived beside the Phaeacians. The *Odyssey* indeed tells us that they were neighbours, and Thucydides tells us that the Phocians settled down in Sicily with the Sicans, but Thucydides left it at that. Butler followed the clue and boldly identified the Phocians with the Phaeacians and the Sicans with the Cyclopes. I find, however, that Phocaeans and Phocians are somewhat mixed up here (pp. 19-20) But they are all identified, and we had better ask no questions. Let them alone and they'll all come home The Cyclopes, *alias* Sicans lived in Sicily hard by the Phaeacians, *alias* Phocians *alias* Phocaeans, whose kingdom was Trapani, whose king was Alcinous, whose daughter was Nausicaa of the white arms.

So much. Who was Odysseus according to Butler? He was a neighbour's child hailing from Ithaca, not the Ithaca of the critics, but a little place two miles up the coast from Scheria or Trapani. Marettimo is its modern name. But why the lovely Nausicaa failed to recognise her neighbour, even divested of his bathing dress I am sure I cannot guess. And surely this wandering hero, the wily Odysseus, must have known this beauty, the king's daughter who lived within a few miles of his own people,—or did he feign ignorance and blarney her asking her which of the goddesses she was and beseeching her by her knees? If in this hypothesis, he succeeded in keeping his countenance, he certainly was a man of many wiles. Of course Nausicaa could have been born and grown up since Odysseus went to Troy. That would leave her sweet seventeen just now. But I don't think Butler will admit that Odysseus ever went to Troy.

We have identified Scheria and Ithaca. Next question: Who wrote the *Odyssey* and why did she write it? Homer wrote the *Iliad*, but the author of the *Iliad* never wrote the *Odyssey*. The author of the *Odyssey* had read the *Iliad*, was familiar with it and borrowed from it, and sometimes made a mess of

the borrowing. For instance in the twelfth book of the *Iliad*, Ajax kills Epicles by knocking him off the wall with a blow of a stone that sent him flying like a tumbler or diver. In *Odyssey* XII. the mast in a storm falls on the head of the helmsman, and he too goes down like a tumbler or diver. Butler—or is it Mr. Farrington?—thinks this an inappropriate simile and evidence of more or less random borrowing, but let either of them stand in the line of a falling mast and they will realise how true to life the poet is. The helmsman, of course, went down like a log, sheer and precipitate, "like a tumbler or diver." Again the *Iliad* speaks of a lion attacking the fold urged on by his "lordly spirit," while Odysseus is likened to a lion urged on by his "belly." I always thought this the more powerfully descriptive simile, and anyhow the writer of the *Odyssey* was not an American. There is another simile in the *Iliad* where the stubborn resistance of Ajax to the Trojans, is compared to the stockish indifference of an ass to the blows of boys who are breaking their sticks on its back. Having been a boy and knowing the ways of asses this simile always appealed to me. Mr. Farrington describes it as "less dignified" and thinks that its counterpart in commonplace is to be found in the opening lines of *Odyssey* XX., where the heart of Odysseus growls sullenly within him. "And even as a bitch stands over her tender whelps growling, when she spies a man she knows not, and she is eager to assail him, so growled his heart within him in his wroth." The purpose of this contrast of similes in the poems is to show that the author of the *Odyssey* "borrows from, parodies and insults the *Iliad*" (p. 51). Again, I always thought the figure of the bitch standing growling over her puppies a grand illustration of passive, dogged determination. No puni meant, reader.

And a lot more that I must pass over. Homer didn't write the *Odyssey*. It was written by a lady who was disgusted with the treatment Homer meted out to ladies in his effort, disgusted with the rhodomontade and braggadoccio of mere men. Odysseus too, has women always hanging about him. In fact the hand of a woman is everywhere traceable in the work—homely similes from domestic life, beautiful gardens, dried onions, cuttle fish and calves. The old man Alcinous was a farmer in private life, I suppose, and Nausicaa did not spend all her time playing tennis. In a word Nausicaa wrote the *Odyssey*. Odysseus's wanderings are an illusion. He just sailed round Sicily perhaps. He was no seaman either. He never has a nice word to say for the sea. And I may add, neither have the men of Aran nor any other man whose business is to go down to the sea in ships. An *bitheamhnach*. The sea of course holds their livelihood and has a fascination for them, but tender expressions and caresses they leave to the tripper. See "Riders to the Sea."

Is Mr. Farrington satisfied with Butler? Certainly. "Since further the demonstration that Butler solved the geographical riddle of the *Odyssey* is now so complete and watertight that either I do not know what evidence is or everybody that understands it must accept it." And: "It must be taken now as proved that the *Odyssey* was written by a young woman who lived at Trapani." And, "how magically beautiful it is if Nausicaa wrote it." And if she didn't, what becomes of its beauty?

This little book I can heartily recommend to scholars, for they are mostly a dull lot with bad digestion. A good laugh is conducive to digestion and good digestion at three-and-six is cheap. As for the others who are not scholars,

whose number is legion, and I am one of them, I engage that they will be enthralled beyond words to find that Greek literature holds such marvellous secrets as it befell Mr. Farrington and Butler herein to solve.

T. F.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANNE ISABELLA, LADY NOEL BYRON. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (London : Constable & Co. 1929. 21s. net).

There will always be two opinions as to whether the full record of the lives of famous people should be given to the world. It is held, on the one hand, that the private feelings of individuals no matter how celebrated should be sacred, and on the other that a complete revelation is one of the penalties of immortality. Whether it be desirable or not, public curiosity demands and usually obtains more and more information about illustrious men and women. There is a literature growing around Lord Byron and what is known as the "Byron Scandal" which threatens to become as extensive as that which gathered about Napoleon. It is not Byron's poetry which has given rise to this intense interest ; it is the life of the man himself. As a poet he was far inferior to some of his contemporaries, even to those whom he affected to despise. But he is the Englishman next to Shakespeare who is best known on the Continent of Europe ; his short and troubled life, with its heroic close at Missolonghi, made him the idol of European liberals. The character of Byron is difficult to analyse ; courageous and generous to a fault, he was prone to surround all his actions and expressions with a sort of morbid exaggeration. This pose, with which his infirmity may have had something to do, was the very essence of "Byronism." It should be remembered also that the critical period of Byron's life occurred during the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars when morality among the upper classes in England was not at a very high level. There is no doubt that his appearance and personality made him very attractive to women, and became the main cause of the troubles which attended his career.

The latest addition to Byronic literature is the *Life and Letters of Lady Byron*, compiled from papers in the possession of the Lovelace family, by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Byron's daughter Ada married Lord Lovelace, hence these records.

Miss Mayne deprecates the idea of reviving the "Byron Scandal," and in justice to her it must be said that there does not appear to be anything set down in malice. But her book is the Life of Annabella Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron—"Thursday's child, who had so far to go"—and as we read the voluminous letters of Annabella (she must have spent most of her life writing letters), Miss Mayne is beside us with a ready interpretation lest our attention should wander elsewhere. Some unkind remarks, in the best, or worst, Byronic manner which the poet made to his wife during the honeymoon sent the newspapers into flaring headlines when this book was first announced. But we are told few of the kind things that he may have said to her, and it is difficult to believe that the picture was all shade and no light. It does not appear from their letters that Byron was violently attracted towards the marriage with Miss Milbanke, but he seems to have made up his mind suddenly to go through with it. It would be hard to

imagine a pair more thoroughly unsuited to each other. Byron was a morbid, irritable genius, alternating between fits of gloom and sunshine, with a dash of megalomania in his disposition. Annabella Milbanke, to put it bluntly, was a little female prig. The marriage was bound to end in disaster, and it did. But neither the manner of the separation, nor her conduct immediately afterwards stand greatly to the credit of Annabella. While in the act of leaving she wrote him an affectionate letter, and after the separation she tried to extract a confession of guilty relations with her husband from his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Even the disclosures made in this book do not carry conviction in the affair of Augusta; Lady Byron, in spite of her unrelenting investigations never seems to have been quite sure of her ground.

After the separation, and indeed before it, Byron's attitude towards his wife seems to have varied with his mood. At one time he told somebody she was the most wonderful being he had ever known; at another she was "the instrument appointed for my destruction," "a fiend from hell." Lady Byron with her daughter Ada remained securely guarded by her family; her husband sought refuge abroad from the unpopularity which threatened him and which he attributed to sedulous propaganda by the Milbankes. He made several attempts to get in touch with his daughter Ada, but without success, and in 1824 he died at the great adventure of Missolonghi, having bequeathed all his disposable property to his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Lady Byron survived both Augusta and her own daughter, and died in 1860 at the age of 68. "He swept over her like the tempest and was gone; broken though she was, she had withstood the visitation." So Miss Mayne puts it, and she goes on to give an exhaustive account of Lady Byron's later years, which were mainly devoted to good works.

Whatever one may think of this side of the Byron story, there is no doubt that Miss Mayne has made excellent use of her materials, and the book is a notable piece of biography. Both the printing and the reproduction of the portraits do credit to the publishers.

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VERS VARIES. By J. B. Seaton-Peacey.

DREAM AGAIN. By Isabel Fiske Conant.

STARS AND STREET LAMPS. By Mary Mair.

HEARD MELODIES. By Leopold Spero.

London, Fowler Wright, Ltd., W.C.1.

Mr. J. B. Seaton-Peacey's slight volume contains some very capable verse. He has nothing to learn in the way of craftsmanship, and his descriptive lyrics, such as "A Cotswold Scene," are excellent of their kind. But his piping is a little thin at times; we should prefer a fuller lyrical blast.

From internal evidence we would judge that Miss Conant is an American. Her verses, both lyrics and sonnets, attain to a high level, and her work in general is full of observation and humanity. It would be difficult, even if space were available, to select for quotation, but among the lyrics "Country Gentleman" and "Puritan Statue" have a special appeal. Miss Conant drops occasionally into a false or unsatisfying rhyme, but her control of the sonnet is quite remark-

able, the best example being the fine sequence "Swallow-Flight." We quote two of her quatrains :—

REFERENDUM.

"A head shaken slowly
Is a sad thing ;
It may be powerful enough
To uncrown a king."

IMAGINATION.

"I am rich with a quill-feather :
Richer than with gold ;
I go in winter weather
As if it were not cold.
"What can I buy with it ?"
You say as you laugh at me . . .
I have already bargained
For liberty . . ."

All the poems in Miss Mair's little book have imagination and a fine sense of form. Her handling of the sonnet is particularly good, and some of her lyrics, such as "London," "Song," "Bloomsbury," and the fine impressionist piece "Lion at Clifton Zoo" are worthy of being selected for any modern anthology. She has a high opinion of Ireland :—

"Her children are God's children, and her voice
Is clear and thrilling-sweet as music heard
At twilight, floating over waters dim—
Or as the golden song of some sad bird.

Oppressed by all the unknown loveliness
That dwells beyond the grasp of bird or man,
Forever shining, haunting, beckoning,
Through change and gloom and life's uncertain span."

There is a swift-running and fluent quality about Mr. Spero's verse which is rather pleasing. Perhaps it is a little too fluent, so that the thought seems to slip past us when we would try to hold it. When we say, however, that he has a true lyrical sense, here are such poems as the "Blackbird," "My Valentine," and "The Empty Heart" to confirm the statement.

Mr. Spero has Caroline echoes here and there ; he has evidently steeped himself in the spirit of that lyrical age. Altogether a notable book of verse.

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ONE HUNDRED LITTLE POEMS. By Lady Margaret Sackville. (Edinburgh : The Porpoise Press).

Everything that Lady Margaret Sackville writes bears the mark of distinction. There are in this little volume one hundred epitaphs and epigrams, from which it is difficult to choose, because they are almost all equally good. Therefore, we take at random :—

THE WATCHER.

"By angry breakers caught and overcome,
I sank, as sinks a vessel through the foam ;
And now incurious and calm I lie,
Watching the keels of other ships go by."

FAME.

"The laurel crown
Above my head
Has fallen down,
Its leaves are dead :

And no one ever
Comes this way,
Even to sweep
The leaves away."

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MY HORSES ARE GRASSHOPPERS. By Gordon Lawrence.

PROGRESSION AND OTHER POEMS. By A. M. Sullivan.

(New York : The Chisholm Press).

Mr. Gordon Lawrence looks on the world and the smaller inhabitants thereof through the lens of a brilliant imagination. Grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, weevils and mice are creatures of wonder and enchantment to him, and he has transformed his impressions into vivid and powerful verse. Many of Mr. Lawrence's poems are written in what is known as "free" verse, but in this medium he is not, like so many others, a mere experimentalist, he is a master. He has always the right, the inevitable epithet ; one compelling phrase is sufficient to bring a picture before the reader that is almost stereoscopic. It would be impossible, in a short review, to do justice to Mr. Lawrence's genius and the originality of his method ; a few quotations must suffice :—

WATCHDOG.

"My horses are grasshoppers, with unblinking eyes,
Corsetted in their stiff harness,
Making a clatter in flying.
And my cows are crickets, with round black bellies
And an itch to be calving.
But my watchdog is a katydid, the most preposterous,
Green as verdigris and veined like the roseleaf,
Clamoring prophecy against the frost,
Stabbing night with his tumultuous falsetto."

AN ENCOUNTER IN HADES.

"I had forgotten, lady, long ago
 Whether you lived, or I loved any maid.
 Now passionless, a thousand years a shade
 Beside the river where dark waters flow,
 You, little ghost, but half-remembered yet,
 Have wakened old sweetness, and old infinite regret."

The long poem "Progression," with which Mr. Sullivan's book begins, is nothing less than the poet's impression of the universe, a sort of philosophical treatise in rhyme. The author seems to be charged with intellectualism, and it is only when he drops it occasionally that we find the poet behind the philosopher. He seems to us to be hidden not in the light but in the darkness of thought. Too rarely he comes out from behind the metaphysical veil and sings:—

SHADOWS ARE BLACK.

"Shadows are such knavish things,
 They revel in the dawn,
 And when the haughty blue bird sings
 They stretch across the lawn;
 But how the little vagrants run
 Before the golden spears of Sun.

Shadows are not holy things,
 But fragments of the night,
 They flit about on ebon wings
 While angels wear them white.
 At dusk they leave the choir stalls
 And fly across cathedral walls.

Shadows are quite awkward things,
 They bend and twist askew,
 Nor have they lovely colorings
 Like woodland flowers . . . even you
 Who wear the rainbow on your back
 Must have a shadow that is black."

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THE SONG OF THE SALMON-GOD By W. P. Ryan. (London: J. M. Watkins;
 Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.).

Fionn Eigeas, an aged seer, watched for seven years by the deep pool of Fec on the Boyne for the sacred salmon, the eating of which would bring "Fionn" occult knowledge. At the end of the seven years he caught the fish on a May morning and gave it to his pupil Deimne (also called "Fionn" unknown to him) to roast. Deimne in the cooking touched the salmon and burned his thumb,

whereupon he became endowed with the spirit of poetry, as distinguished from the rules, which Fionn Eigeas had taught him. The salmon leapt back into the pool and Fionn Eigeas leaped after it, passing into another world. An old woman, Sorcha, who had been the lover of Fionn Eigeas in his youth, became rejuvenated by the waters of the Boyne, which had overflowed when the salmon leaped back again.

Mr. W. P. Ryan has made an excellent metrical version of this ancient legend, to which he contributes a foreword connecting the tale with the mysterious Atlantean civilization. This is the first number of a new series, "Patria Poetica."

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THE POEMS OF EDNA A. KAHLA. The Poetry Lover's Fellowship. (London : Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd.).

This book of mystical and semi-religious verse is the outcome of a keen and sensitive mind. Miss Kahla feels deeply, and has the gift of communicating her feelings when they are most poignantly intense. Her verse is clear and melodious, and there are many of her lyrics that haunt the memory. We give two examples :—

JULY WIND.

"There is a sigh out there
Where silence was before,
Someone climbs the stair
With soft feet on the stone,
Pauses, and watches there
Stealthily, at the door.

And stirs, and sighs in pain,
And pleads again and again ;
Let me come, let me come in !
And with a furtive hand
Opens the door.
The place grows chill with shadow
Where sunlight was before."

BURDEN OF BEAUTY.

"Make not the night unbearable
With music and its moaning tide
Of Beauty, not to be denied—
Make not the night unbearable.

Ever throughout your song 'twould seem
The passion of the swelling wind
Returns again, returns again—
Fast as our hearts deny their dream,
Unbearable Beauty comes again."

LEADERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By J. M. Thompson. Oxford : Basil Blackwell. Pp. xiv + 272. 8s. 6d. net.

The author of these studies of men who took a big share in the Revolution is a Fellow of Magdalen College, and his book shows traces of the professorial mind. If not distinguished by anything original, his sketches are clearly and competently enough drawn to make the volume useful to the general reader as well as to the student who does not require any profound knowledge of the period. It is certainly worth while to have in one volume short lives, with portraits, of the revolutionary leaders, prefaced by an introduction which outlines the course of the Revolution of which they were so much a part.

Mr. Thompson seems to accept the view that Marat, "the People's Friend," was identical with the Mara or Le Maire who robbed the Ashmolean Museum of valuable medals, and was apprehended in Dublin. Marat did indeed spend some time in Dublin, but the evidence of his identity with Mara is quite unreliable.

C.

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GREAT DAYS WITH O'CONNELL. By D. L. Kelleher. Dublin : The Talbot Press. 2s. 6d. net.

Most full-length biographies of O'Connell are dull and stodgy, yet few of the big men of the last century provide better material for the brighter and lighter biography of to-day.

The Talbot Press and Mr. Kelleher have co-operated to produce a little volume in quite the latest style. Mr. Kelleher is the man for this job, and he does it with accustomed competence and happiness. *Great Days with O'Connell* is written in the manner of *The Glamour of Dublin*, and in the *Liberator* the author of that delightful book has the appropriate subject for just such a companion volume. Here we have the real Dan, human, melodramatic, volatile, blustering, passionate, wise and strong, weak and even doting, but great almost to his last moment. Although made in short sittings and giving only the briefest of views, it is as true a picture of the man as any we have. People of the school of '98, '48, '67 and 1916 will not agree with Mr. Kelleher's defence of O'Connell's position on separation and physical force, but they will acknowledge the truthfulness and the art of Mr. Kelleher's portraiture.

C. O'S.

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LOT HOUSES. By Elizabeth Manning. London : Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

I find it difficult to believe that this is a first novel. The names of the characters and the seaside villages in which they struggle for a livelihood suggest that the scene is laid in Cornwall, but apart from these indications the action might take place anywhere. It has to do with the daily lives of that section of humanity which is below the level of the lower middle class, and ekes out or supplements a living by taking in lodgers.

When John Judas Marybud, a disabled fisherman, who consoles himself for an existence spent in doing odd jobs for his wife by stray gleanings from literary classics received as a legacy the Lot Houses, he does not dream that

the bequest contains within itself the seed of retribution. But on attempting to evict one of the female occupants, the latter receives unexpected reinforcement in the person of her mother, who reminds John Judas of his former illicit attachment to herself, and threatens to expose him to his wife as being the father of the woman he is about to evict. The characters of John Judas, his wife Grace, his legitimate daughter Guinivere, and his illegitimate daughter Janiper are vividly drawn and move to their destiny through a highly emotional though sordid atmosphere. But the interest and sympathy which they awaken is held throughout the book, the style of which is incisive and restrained. If Miss Manning can produce further novels of this quality, she should be assured of a high place among contemporary writers of serious fiction. C. M.

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A HUNDRED YEARS OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION (1829-1929). By Denis Gwynn. (London : Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net).

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, 1829 TO 1929 : ESSAYS BY VARIOUS WRITERS. With an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. (London : Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net).

Mr. Gwynn is an industrious compiler of material relating to Emancipation, and in this volume he follows up his history of the events preceding the Act of 1829 with a narrative and a survey of the development of the Catholics in England in the last hundred years. The narrative flows easily and the survey is comprehensive and, in many parts, enlightening. A century ago the English Catholics were, comparatively speaking, only a handful in a rapidly increasing population, and their leadership was in the hands of a small, aristocratic group. Mr. Gwynn's book is the story of how that small body has grown into an influential mass movement, numbering two millions, and constituting a real Catholic democracy. To the making of this democracy Irish exiles contributed the lion's share, and credit is given by Mr. Gwynn where credit is due. Irish readers will find the author's treatment of English Catholic leaders like Wiseman, Manning and Newman, and the internal politics of the Church in England of more than usual interest, and some of the facts presented will prove a revelation to them.

Fittingly enough, the first contribution to the symposium introduced by Cardinal Bourne comes from the pen of a distinguished writer of Irish blood, the veteran Monsignor Barry, who likewise makes due acknowledgment of the services of the Irish in England. The symposium is a more strictly English supplement to Mr. Gwynn's narrative, and gives, *inter alia*, excellent summaries of the influence and progress of the English Catholics in education, literature, music, architecture and public life, concluding with a characteristic essay by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

C. O'S.

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THE CRITERION. (July, 1929. 7s. 6d. net).

Humanism bulks largely in the July *Criterion*. Mr. Allen Tate, in a mild and somewhat puzzled frame of mind, writes on "The fallacy of Humanism," while Mr. P. E. More, one of the leading exponents of Humanism, contributes a

deeply suggestive article on "An absolute and authoritative Church." One gets a swift gleam of Mr. More's attitude of mind in this sentence: "The typical tragedy of the century for religion was enacted when Newman's courage failed him, and in his anguish for the perfect light he bowed down to the Demon of Absolute."

Mr. Charles Smyth writes trippingly on "Historical Biography and Mr. Strachey." Mr. Lytton Strachey is the *Criterion's* bad boy of the moment, for as well as being trounced by Mr. Smyth in a full-fledged article, he gets a passing jibe from Mr. Richard Church reviewing *The Life and Letters of George Darley*.

There are two Shakespeare articles. Mr. J. M. Robertson tilts against the accepted idea that Shakespeare's early blank verse is monotonous, in a rather scrappy article, "The Scansion of Shakespeare," largely devoted to demolishing a Mr. Hubert Griffith, who wrote a book called "The Future of Shakespeare." Mr. M. J. Lawrence, in "The Pirates of Hamlet," makes a really fascinating study out of meagre facts respecting the publication of the *Hamlet* First Quarto.

"The Aesthetic of Michaelangelo," by Mr. K. E. Sencourt, brings us out of the atmosphere of temporal bickering to the broad and elevating repose of the primal principles of art. This is a noble and dignified article.

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LIFE AND LETTERS. (August, 1929. 1s. monthly).

Instead of the usual series of isolated articles, *Life and Letters*, in its August number, following (as its Editorial mentions) the French periodical, *Cahiers de Quinzaine*, gives us the work of a single author. This is an abbreviated version of a novel by Mr. Richard Hughes, entitled *A High Wind in Jamaica*.

The idea of a one-man (or woman) programme for a single number can only be justified by results. And in this case I think the fact that it was necessary to cut down the novel so much to make it fit into the usual space of the magazine detracts very largely from its value. For this story of Mr. Hughes has been manifestly constructed with careful foresight, and I feel quite sure that the swell of its developing curve has been lost in this version.

Nevertheless enough is given to make one realize that *A High Wind in Jamaica* is a work full of deep tone and colour in its word painting, and an amazingly brilliant effort to reconstruct for mature minds the far away and confused medley of melodies that constitutes the bewildered orderliness of a child's being.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS: POINTS AND VALUES. By Gilbert Fabes. (W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. 15s. net).

"The vagaries and fluctuations of the book-collecting public's opinions," says Mr. Fabes in this astonishing book, "are due to the reactions of disappointed bibliophiles whose hunting grounds have been invaded by wealthy connoisseurs." It is quite true that the collector of modest means has long ago discarded all hope of purchasing—as distinct from acquiring by a lucky accident—an original Shakespeare folio or quarto, a *Comus*, a *Robinson Crusoe*, or a *Vicar of Wakefield*. Here the dollar reigns supreme, and such rarities as these must be allowed to become part of the library furniture of a Chicago pork-packer or a Pittsburg steel magnate. But I confess that I cannot follow Mr. Fabes when he argues that because the poor but genuine collector has turned from the giants of the past to living writers of repute, therefore the values of the First Editions of the rarer books of these writers have risen to such extraordinary heights. In this book he has brought under notice a hundred volumes by authors still living or only recently dead, and gives us the "points" which distinguish the first and second issues, as well as the current value of each issue. But if the estimate of values here given is correct, the rariora of collected modern writers would be just as much beyond the scope of all but the longest purses as those of many of the greatest names of the past. Has sanity altogether deserted us, or is the genuine collector who appraises writers as well as cash values, prepared to pay £20 or £25 for a book written a few years ago by an author of a none-too-well-established reputation when he can for the same money obtain a reasonably good copy of an original *Lyrical Ballads* or an *Elia*? Mr. Fabes does indeed state that the prices he mentions "are subject to fluctuation, and due allowance must be made for this contingency." But the fluctuations are in no way connected with the small collector's explorations into neglected bye-paths of literature, ancient or modern. A much more convincing explanation is that given by Mr. Raymond Dean in the current issue of the *Bookman's Journal*. "I am not at all disinclined to believe," he says, "that this disproportionate demand for the 'firsts' and association items of particular authors has been engineered, although the responsibility lies only with a few people. In the case of one author, at least, there is some evidence that competition was stimulated to secure high prices in the auction room with the knowledge and anticipation that not immediately could these prices be realised."

But for collectors who not only want modern First Editions but (where they exist) first issues of such editions, Mr. Fabes's new book will be useful. It is interesting to learn that there are people who are prepared to pay £5 for a First Edition of Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson* (1911) if they can get it in a rough cloth binding, but only £2 if the cloth is somewhat smoother in texture; and that an original copy of John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* (1922) in which the genealogical table pulls out to the right is worth several pounds more than a copy of the same issue in which it pulls out to the left! Surely this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of book-collecting!

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES

A ramble through the 24th Catalogue published by Messrs. Birrell and Garnett (Gerrard Street, London) is a pleasant bibliographical excursion, in which the bye-ways are frequently more interesting than the highways. Explanatory notes are given where called for, and are almost invariably accurate and informative. There are one or two slips, however, which is not surprising in a detailed list of nearly 800 rare books. Item 6 is a translation, done by William Gardiner, of Fontenelle's famous book *A Discourse on the Plurality of Worlds*. This translation, published in London in 1758, is described as the first English translation, whereas an earlier translation was done by John Glanvil, the poet who was refused a Fellowship of All Souls "because he would be drunk and swear." This was published in London in 1688. But the actual first translation was the work of an unidentified "Sir W. D., Knight," and was published in Dublin by Andrew Crooke in 1687, with a most diverting dedication addressed to William Molyneux. Again, item 375 describes the London edition of 1790 of *Sacotala, or the Fatal Ring*, an Indian drama from the Sanscrit, as being the First Edition of this translation. The present writer possesses a copy of the same work published in Calcutta two years earlier. But where such a wealth of accurate information is given, small errors like these are a trifling matter. We congratulate Messrs. Birrell and Garnett on what appears to us to be a deliberate stand against the prevailing fashion for speculative prices, and we would recommend those optimistic but inexperienced collectors who imagine that every old book printed before 1800 is worth a small fortune to study the prices set down here very carefully. They will discover that a First Edition of no less a book than the immortal *Gulliver* can be purchased for the very moderate price of fifteen guineas, and that for thirty-five shillings they can obtain a copy of such a rare Swift pamphlet as his *The Conduct of the Purse of Ireland*. I can recommend this list to discriminating collectors.

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A handsome catalogue, the third in their new series, has reached us from Messrs. Francis Edwards, Ltd. (High Street, Marylebone, London, W.1). It is only in recent years that the acquiring of old maps has become an important branch of collecting, and it seems to have a fascination that is all its own. The 'dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama,' of which Lamb wrote, are to-day collected eagerly, both for their quaint charm and their utilitarian value. In the present list all the great cartographers of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries—Blaeu, Mercator, Ortelius and the rest—are well represented, and some of the illustrations convey a sense of the beauty of the work of these old map-makers. The addition of a really fine early atlas to one's library has now become a very expensive luxury, varying in price from the comparatively modest £30 asked for Blaeu's "English Counties" (1662) to the princely figure of £1,300 for a copy of the monumental "Atlantic Neptune" (1780-1781), with its 140 folio-size charts. But for the collector who cannot aspire to such heights there are on offer some quite desirable things at moderate prices. Speed's map of Connaught, 1627, done in black and white, can be had for 10s., and a map of Ireland from Blaeu's Grand Atlas (1646) for £1.

The old-established firm of Messrs. Thomas Thorp (St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2) are offering in their latest list (No. 134) a varied assortment of books in all branches of literature. In the American section an outstanding item is Monardus' *Joyfull Newes out of the Newe-found Worlde*, in the English edition of John Frampton, published in London in 1596. For a sixteenth century book of so much interest to collectors on the other side of the Atlantic the £48 asked does not seem unreasonable as such things go nowadays. Irish books are not so numerous as usual, but amongst those offered there are some cheap items, notably Stafford's *Pacata Hibernia*, in three volumes, for £1, and John O'Leary's *Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism*, a book which is now becoming scarce, for eight shillings.

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There is something peculiarly fascinating about those little catalogues which come to us from The Caxton Head, for apart from the fact that they contain so many items of the first importance from the bibliographical point of view (and Mr. Tregaskis would seem to have an almost inexhaustible stock to draw from), these items are accompanied by notes of the greatest possible interest; and the wise collector, as I have said before, will do well to treasure up for future reference these finely printed brochures, which I note have now attained their fifty-sixth year of existence and their 971st issue. Of the three now before me the most important is one illustrating the history of Printing. It is divided into two parts, the first containing examples, in some cases accompanied by reproductions of titles, bindings or leaves, from most of the famous presses; the second, books on printing. Catalogue No. 970 is entitled "English Literature," and offers many desirable 17th, 18th and 19th century rarities. Amongst the Shakespeare items I note the *King Lear*, Cork, 1761, and that very uncommon edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, printed by A. Bradley of Dublin in 1730. Lastly, there is a catalogue of Valuable Autographs which has, amongst many things of great interest and importance, a remarkable run of nine Berkeley MSS. which would, I fancy, well repay the attention of some public library in this country.

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Messrs. Quaritch's Catalogue, No. 425, has amongst its many choice items a short "run" of fine Dublin bindings from the library of Sir M. M. Sykes which should prove of special interest to those who had the opportunity of seeing the recent exhibits of such things in Dublin. Of the seven specimens catalogued, No. 81, the Dublin *Horace* of 1745 (which, by the way, is described by Dibdin as "A well and accurately printed book"), would seem to be the finest. I quote Mr. Quaritch's description: "Sm. 8vo., a fine copy in a superb contemporary binding of red morocco, gilt border with a bird stamp, large and elaborate diamond shaped centrepiece, with inlays of white and green leather, gilt panelled back, gilt edges. (£24)."

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The "inlay of white leather" which is such a distinctive mark of 18th century Dublin bindings furnishes a very interesting page or two in Sir Edward Sullivan's delightful little booklet, now a rarity, on "Decorative Book-Binding in Ireland." Horace Walpole, in a postscript to a letter of 1761, writes: "I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than anywhere: pray bring me any one book of their bindings as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price"; and

Sir Edward Sullivan, commenting on this, continues : " I cannot help thinking that there must be an error of some kind underlying Walpole's request ; and I am inclined to believe that he was in all probability referring to the white leather, or vellum, centrepiece so frequently introduced on morocco bindings by the Dublin craftsmen at the time, rather than to purely vellum bindings as we understand the expression to-day."

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A PERSONAL NOTE.—Omniscience, somebody has said, is the foible of half-wits, and the writer of these notes has certainly no intention of laying claim to anything of the sort. The field of bibliography is now so vast that a little specialisation is the most any single research worker can hope to attempt with any prospect of success, and even then errors are bound to creep in. Has not Mr. A. W. Pollard related how even the experts of the British Museum have been caught napping time and again ? It is therefore with some surprise that one reads the following paragraph, over the signature " J. S. Crone," in the current issue of the *Irish Book Lover* :—

" I don't know who writes the Bibliographical Notes in the *Dublin Magazine*, or what is his standing, but he certainly seems to lack the rudiments of his calling. Any ordinary person before raising such a cackling over a supposed ' Goldsmith Discovery ' as is described at pp. 74-75 in the Jan-March issue—' an early and hitherto unrecorded edition,' would have turned to John Anderson's Catalogue of Early Belfast Printed Books, and found it there under the very year mentioned—1775."

Now one might suppose from this that the edition in question was one which was so common as to be familiar to the bibliographers and students of Goldsmith. What are the facts ? There is no copy in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in the National Library, or in the Gilbert Collection. There is no mention of it in the Bibliography (by J. P. Anderson of the British Museum) attached to Austin Dobson's monograph on Goldsmith in the " Great Writers " series. Nor was Mr. Iolo A. Williams, when compiling his recent exhaustive bibliography of Goldsmith First Editions, aware of its existence. A noted firm of London booksellers who specialise in eighteenth century rarities and who managed to secure the copy in question, were also under the impression that it was unique. Furthermore, amongst the large collection of rare Goldsmith items collected from various sources for the exhibition held in Dublin during the recent bi-centenary celebrations there was no copy of this excessively rare Belfast edition. As it happened, the existence of one other copy, in the Linen Hall Library, Belfast, was made known to me—but too late for correction—through Mr. Dix's *Handlist of Early Dublin-printed Goldsmith Editions*, which appeared almost immediately after I had written the passage to which Dr. Crone takes such violent exception.

I was in error, then, in assuming that the existence of the Belfast, 1775, edition was only known through one copy ; it appears that there are two. I have to thank Dr. Crone for reminding me of the existence, which for the moment I had unaccountably forgotten, of John Anderson's very useful book of reference. I cannot thank him for his courtesy, for he appears to have little or none at his disposal.—M. J. MacManus.